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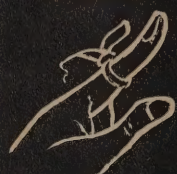
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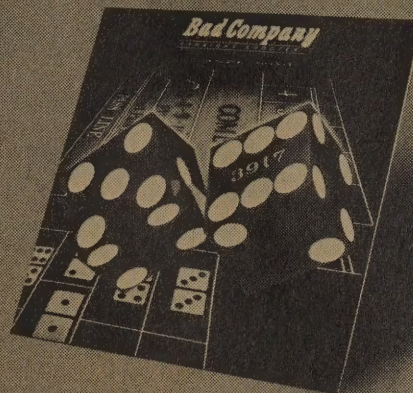
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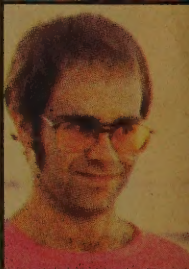
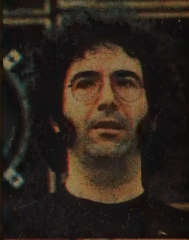
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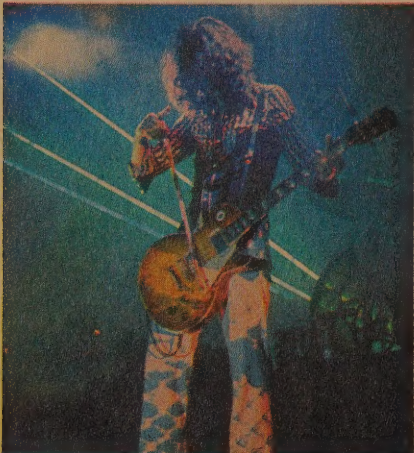
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WE READ YOUR MAIL

Whole Lotta Zep Love

Dear Hit Parader,

I just got back from a Led Zeppelin Concert. It was their first concert back in the states for 18 months and the beginning of their 1975 U.S. tour. When I first heard Led Zep were coming here I pretended to be cool on the outside but inside I was freaking out. After that I went into kind of a daze, afraid to get too excited in case something happened. For example: Robert coming down with laryngitis, Jimmy getting all ten fingers bitten off by a lion. John and John Paul deciding to split and go solo, etc. I was also very careful crossing streets, nothing was going to stop me from going to that concert! As the date of the concert drew nearer, my friends, family and acquaintances reluctantly gave up hope, convinced that I was beyond hope. One afternoon I asked my sister, "What do you think of Robert Plant?" She said (while picking her nose and listening to a Donny Osmond record) "Who is Robert Plant?" Restraining the urge to fetch a knife from the kitchen, I gave her a piercing glare.



Bob Gruen

Anyway the day of the concert did come and it was better than I imagined. (and I imagine some pretty good things.) Robert is by far the sexiest man I've ever seen. He looks even better in person than in pictures. He's also very tall. When they first came on stage, I started to cry. (This is no teenybopper crush, people. I'm 17 and have been nuts about Robert Plant and Jimmy Page for about 3 years.) (It's weird but after being in love with pictures of someone for so long, it's shocking to be

actually seeing them in the flesh. Robert's singing was never better and Jimmy's playing was fantastic even though he broke one of his fingers before the concert in rehearsing. I have now achieved one of my goals - I've seen Robert Plant and Jimmy Page. I'll never forget it.

Love,
Wanda Anderssen

Elton - Sexy?

Dear Hit Parader,

I read Suzy J's offer to Elton in your April '75 issue to be screwed by E.J. just once. By the time I got up off the floor for laughing so hard, I wondered how could she be so stupid as to not realize that Reginald Kenneth Dwight *is not that type*. She should be ashamed of herself for even suggesting that Mr. Clean himself would give up his virginity for a mere fan. Doesn't she know he's saving himself for marriage? I guess the only way she'll pluck his grapes is if she rapes him thus depriving him of something he's been saving for years. Don't get me wrong Suzy. I love Elton dearly - it's just that he's so innocent and nice - He's the man of my dreams. He's even as pure as the newly fallen snow. My pencil just broke and I can't write any more so - Sweet #9 Dreams.

The Madhatter
Romeoville, Ill.

Dear Hit Parader,

Suzy J. is right and I'm in total agreement about the Jan. '75 issue on Elton John being FAR-OUT!!! He's fantastic and the story was great!

The only thing I disapproved highly on was The Editor's note *Elton? Sexy?* on Suzy's note. God, you must be an emotional bore. OF COURSE HE IS!!! Of course his musical genius appeals to everyone but HIS BODY!!! *WOW* - He just turns a girl on!! You gotta admit there's some kind of magnetism that just pulls you to him. The first time I saw his picture I knew he was great and bought 5 albums before I even heard his voice. That man got something NOBODY ELSE GOT! Sexy? YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT HE IS!!!

P.S. About Suzy J's comments on Kiki Dee and Elton John of the pictures I have of them together I would think their personalities would be too big of a conflict to unite. They hang together good but not as husband and wife.

Love,
K.Y.

ETC.

Dear People of Hit Parader,

Oh please help! There is this song on my mind. I think the name is "Take a Walk On the Wild Side." I don't know who it's by. Please tell me if you know who sang it and when it was released. I've only heard it twice in the past three years. Please get all your brains together and help me! Love and Peace to All!

Al Lucero
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Dear Al,
Lou Reed. (ED.)

Dear Editor,

I have heard that Alice Cooper played, Wally's friend on "Leave It To Beaver". was married six times, and his song Dead Babies is about his dead daughter who died from aspirin. Is this true or false?

Sincerely,
Lisa Tomis

What do you think readers? You vote. (ED.)

Dear Editor,

I just heard on my radio station that Jim Morrison of The Doors was dead. Please tell me it isn't so. Also if it isn't true could you tell me when they might be in my town.

Thank You, Belle Hinote
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Belle,

Yes, Jim passed away several years ago. The Doors aren't together anymore, so we don't expect they'll be in your (or any other) town. (ED.)

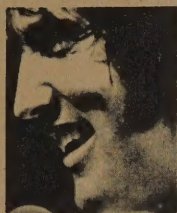


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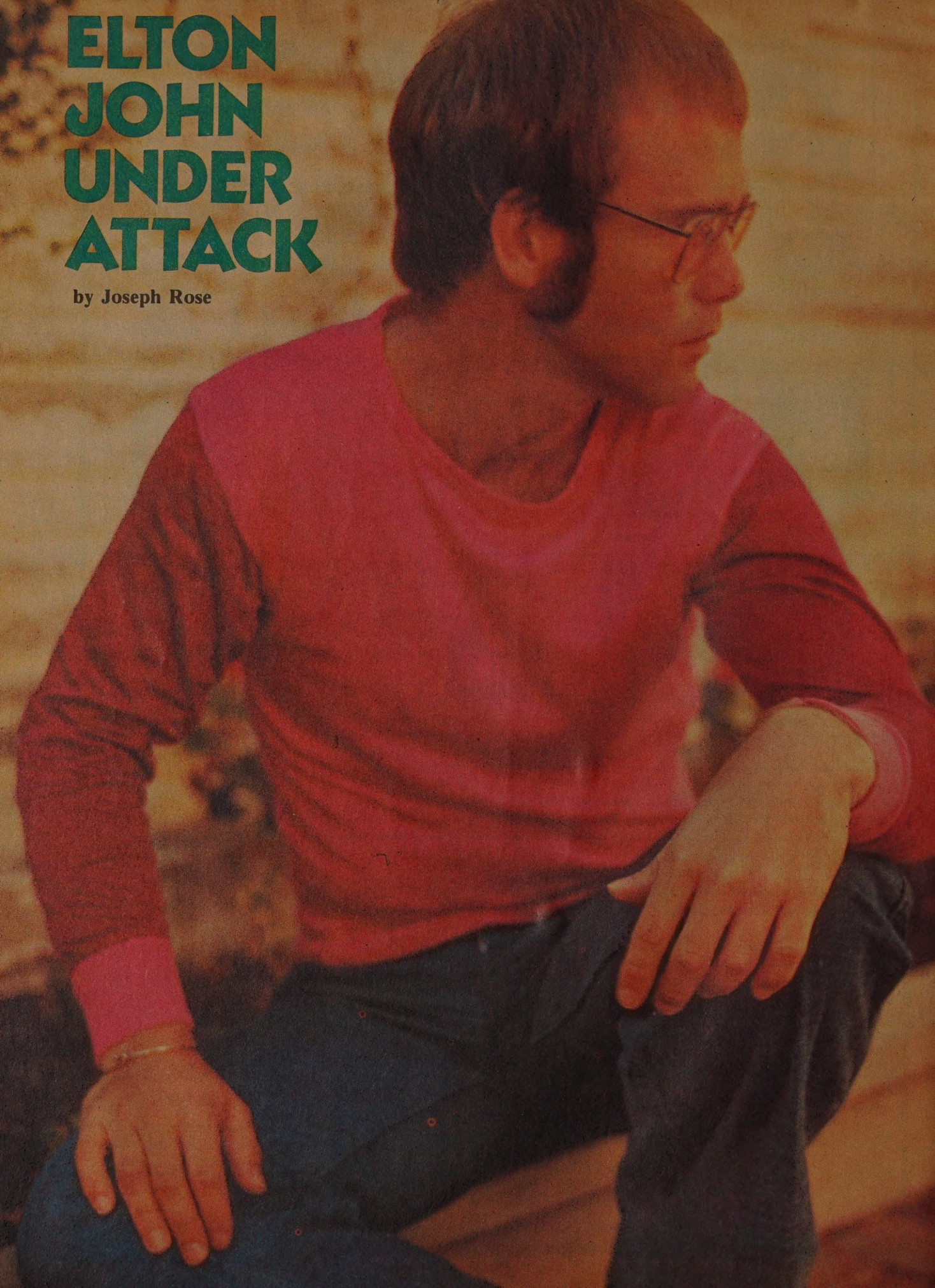
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ELTON JOHN UNDER ATTACK

by Joseph Rose



It was probably Elton John's fault in the first place.

When he greeted us at the door of his luxury hotel suite, he was dressed in a colorful bathrobe, looking quite like a prizefighter ready to have his hands taped and his gloves tied on for a middleweight championship bout. And he was just a wee bit peeved at a review we had written of his last concert, though he was certainly a gracious, not pugnacious, host.

Nevertheless, we found ourselves firing some uncomfortable questions at Elton. Do you copy other people's music? was our first shot, and as the jaw of Elton's side fell to the floor, we explained that we had heard many chord patterns and passages in Elton's songs before Elton had used them, "Crocodile Rock" being the best example.

"Well," said Elton, speaking very quickly, "'Crocodile Rock' is the only thing I can think of that sounds anything like some other song. I mean, I didn't even consciously say, 'We'll take 'Speedy Gonzales.'" It's just that there's everything in that record. I mean, as far as licks go, there's 'Come On Everybody' and other things. That's pop music. People take from my songs, too, but I don't mind that. I mean, subconsciously I may have done something that I can't see. Because an artist sometimes can't see beyond his own nose.

"I get knocked out with other people's records because I listen to them a lot. I say, wow, that's really good, you know, perhaps I can write something really good, too. Because I have to be in the mood for writing a song. I usually get influenced. In fact, if I write a song, it's sometimes because I've heard somebody else's song that's really good.

"I don't go sit down and say I must write a song like the song I just heard. It just inspires you to write something that you think is equally as good. I don't think my music plagiarizes anybody else's music more than — like, I mean, Christ, The Stones have been playing Chuck Berry for years, and no one's accused them. I really can't see it.

"But, too, everybody steals from everybody else a little bit. I mean, whether it's conscious or subconscious, because there are so many songs around that something's got to come out sounding a little alike sometimes.

"And if somebody steals a little bit of mine, I feel flattered, I don't feel annoyed. Like 'You're Having My Baby.' I mean, I heard it, and I said, 'God, that sounds like 'Daniel.'" But I didn't get uptight. In fact, Paul Anka said in one interview that seeing as I pinched a bit of 'Diana' for 'Crocodile Rock,' he thought it was fair. And we got sued by the people for 'Speedy Gonzales' anyway. Dear oh dear!

"No, I just can't see it. If someone can name me some songs that I ripped off, I'd sit down and talk about it. I listen to other people's albums, too. I thought 'Angie,' the Stones' song, was very much like one of our songs. I thought, 'God, the mood of the piano and the way it was done.' But



if it is like one of our songs, that's really a compliment. But you don't sit down and actually think that they went and said, 'We must write an Elton song,' because, I mean, that's ridiculous."

Are you still writing songs the way you used to, with Bernie Taupin giving a pile of lyrics and you putting music to them whenever you're in the mood?

"Yeah, but I'm working more closely with Bernie now because there was a time for about two or three years where we drifted apart. After spending so much time together at the beginning and sort of living in the same apartment and writing together all these songs, I started going out on tour, and he lived in one part of England, and I lived in another, and we never saw each other.

"And now he lives sort of more or less closer to where I live, so we've started working closer over the last year or so, since we got our own publishing. We own

our songs now, which is, you know, one of the biggest things that happened to us. I'd give anything to get the copyrights of my old songs back. Not that they were mismanaged or anything, it's just that you feel as if they're part of you. You know, the most important thing that you've created is your songs.

"So over the last year or so, we've worked pretty closely, especially on this new album. And also we've decided to write songs for other people. Like we did this Rod Stewart thing, and we did a thing for Ringo. And it's bloody hard.

"We said, right, we've got a little bit more time, let's sit down and try and write some things for other people. And we've had people on our backs all the time saying they want songs. But it's so slow. I mean, I wrote a song for the Beach Boys, and it took me — you know I always said I took 20 minutes to write a song. Well, it's taken me five months to finish this.

and that's the longest I've ever spent on a song. Because you have to think hard. You've got to shut yourself off completely from it and imagine what they really would like.

"I really get a big kick out of it, but it's so slow. I mean, when you're doing it for yourself, you know exactly what you like as soon as you play something. 'Oh, like that!' But you can't be too sure when you're writing it for other people. So that's been a real challenge."

Elton said the word "challenge" as if it's one of his favorite words. And the colorful Mr. John does seem to relish challenges of all kinds, even attacks on his music. So far he's managed to hold his own pretty well. □



THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER

By Lee Black Childers

Thoughts Before Rising Late One Monday Afternoon: Oh my, I must get up. I *will* get out of bed. I hear voices around me but I can't tell what they're saying. Maybe they think I'm dead. Oh my God, maybe they'll bury me alive — and why? What has reduced me to this state? I'm afraid I owe it all to the Manhattan Transfer. Oh, it was bad enough when I first discovered them a year or so ago when they were singing upstairs at Max's Kansas City. That first night I screamed and sighed like a bobby-soxer, completely blowing whatever image I might have built over the years as a sober, reliable journalist. Each song proved more overwhelming than the one before. Everyone at my table completely lost their senses (and their hearts). We were in love. Waiter! More champagne!

The next year was like a dream. Moving from one Manhattan Transfer concert to the next. Blindly following them from club to club as their fame grew. Reno Sweeney's. Trude Heller's. The Cafe Carlyle. The Club 82! Night after night of mellow music and cold champagne. Each night insidiously turning yet another friend or acquaintance on to them. They would in turn show up the next night with yet more converts. Until New York, it seemed, was one vast army of Manhattan Transfer addicts. Oh, and we weren't your ordinary quiet, dark doorway addicts either. We were screaming pentecostal converts — shouting the praises of Manhattan Transfer till the dawn's early light. Then, sleeping it off the next day, only to go out in search of them again the following night. The only thing that saved our health and sanity was that, in some effort to preserve their own health, the group didn't perform every night. Days and sometimes weeks would go by without a performance — giving us time to eat and sleep and regain some shred of our previous dignity. Then it happened. They disappeared completely to go into the studio to record an album. Ha, we said, they'll be back, nothing and no one can reproduce on mere plastic the magic and wonder of our idols.

I have, as you can see, been proved



wrong. The Manhattan Transfer, themselves, have been in California for lo these many months, and yet, here I am in New York sacked up in a rumpled bed unable to open my eyes.

I have had the album, alas, for about two weeks. It hasn't left my turntable.

The production under the wondrous guidance of Ahmet Ertegun is flawless. The songs range from Fifties fantasia, "Gloria," to deep South gospel jazz, "Operator," to Thirties syncopated perfection, "Java Jive", to the lushness and divine decadence of "Blue Champagne." From "Tuxedo Junction" to "Heart's Desire" — will wonders never cease. When I'm not at home sitting hypnotized before my stereo, I'm at a night club like Ashley's where the album is played continuously till the wee hours. More, waiter, more!

Parents! Take heed! (I know you sneak and read *Hit Parader* when the

kids are out.) Beware Manhattan Transfer. They will not only reduce your children to the sort of inert heap I have become in daylight hours, but even *you* are not safe. Mothers. Fathers. Grandmothers! No one is safe now that this album is out. Even the crazy old man who lives in the apartment above me hung blearily out of his window as I stumbled from my apartment the other evening and said, "Dot moosik you play all da time iz very nize. I stay up all night and listen as it comes up through floor boards."

What more can I say. Here I am as you see me. What? Someone's shaking me. It's Wayne, my roommate. "Leee, Lee. Get up. It's Monday night." What, oh my, yes. I must get dressed. Tonight the Manhattan Transfer return for one night only — live at the Bottom Line. Waiter, waiter! Some Angostura bitters and soda, please, and hurry! □

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In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild... the aged... the paralyzed... the sick... come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds...

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book...

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful... a film gathered over them. My hearing... quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears... In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (Genesis 1:29)

friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, only four cases of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS... NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable... and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to **STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR...** and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against indigestion... gas... heartburn... sour stomach. Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated painful hemorrhoids with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

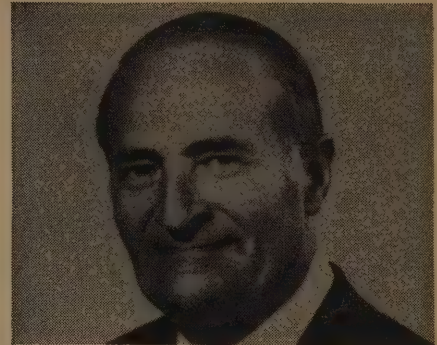
A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, at the age of 20, to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

AND YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS— ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

All you need to know is right here in this book. Read about these amazing natural medicines. Each one is a fruit, nut, vegetable or seed that can help in a different way. So get started NOW and look forward to a long, rewarding life, full of healthful living!

You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

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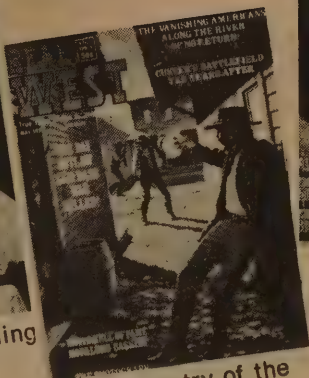
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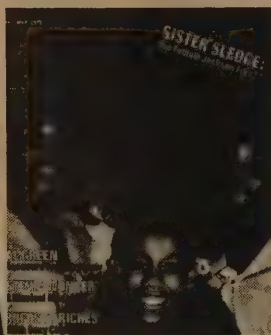
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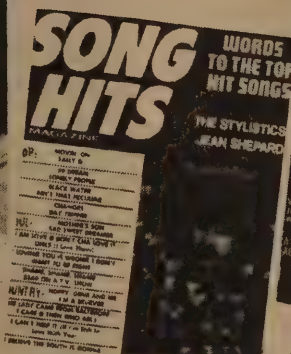
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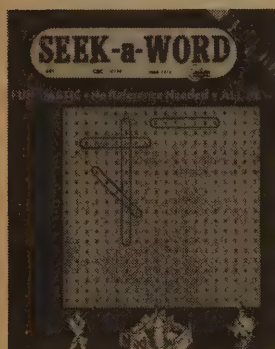
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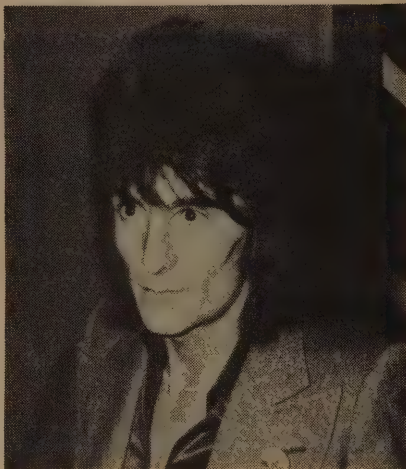
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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson

So it's true. As you read this, Ron Wood is the guitarist the Stones have asked to help out on this U.S. tour. Woody (as he is affectionately known to his friends), has worked on Stones sessions as well as having had a long friendship with both Keith Richard and Mick Jagger. Keith helped out on "I've Got My Own Album To Do" - Ron's solo - and even showed up when Ron performed in solo concert this past year in London. Although insiders whisper that the Stones just couldn't come up with anybody else, nobody really seems unhappy about the choice. Ron Wood is an excellent rhythm guitarist who will work well with Richard's amazing lead work. The Faces - as we go to press - will most likely cancel their U.K. summer dates since Wood won't be available to perform with them. It will also give Rod Stewart a chance to work on another solo album. However, there are no permanent plans for Ron Wood to become the fifth Rolling Stone - it's really just for this tour. He plans to re-join the Faces when this bit is over. At least that's what he says now. One gets the impression



Andrew Kent

Ron Wood - the new Stone - sort of

that the Stones were a bit lost during this decision making period ... (some musician friends have even suggested that perhaps Keith wished that Brian Jones was still around) ... Wayne Perkins didn't quite work out as a long-term member when he was called in to help the new Stones lp. The Faces have emphasized that when they tour the U.S. in the autumn, Ron Wood will be back onstage, playing guitar.

One hears that David Bowie is in a strange state these days. That he's sitting in a house on Doheny Drive (the very same street where Marilyn Monroe lived when she passed away) and is deeply immersed in the *Occult*. He draws pentagrams on the walls, has an Aleister Crowley Tarot cards, chants, makes hexes, and has lots of candles dripping wax. Hmmm, trust Davey to be right on top of things. But by the time you read this, he might be into something else - some other new fad. Like health food. Or meditation. Maybe even scientology?



Bowie - what could be next??

New York band followers had a recent shock when Johnny Thunder (guitarist) and Jerry Nolan (drums) left The New York Dolls to form The Heartbreakers with Television bassist Richard Hell. Assumedly, Hell and TV's Tom Verlaine had a "clash of egos" - and Hell wanted to go somewhere where he could perform more of his own songs. Same probably goes for Thunder. Anyway - that leaves David JoHansen sort of undecided as to what to do with the Dolls at the moment; one hears that he'll write more songs with Syl Sylvain, or perhaps become a "solo" act. More on the whole new New York Band scene in general next issue.



Bob Gruen

The Heartbreakers. Thunder, Nolan and Hell.

Lee Black Childers from a videotape by Richard Robinson

When we were in London recently, we spoke to Robert Plant on the telephone and he waxed enthusiastically about his appearance on the recent "Midnight Special" with Phil May. And - in a surprising turn - around, Robert hinted that he might, for the very first time, actually consider living in the States. "I just had such a good time there this past tour," he mused, "I don't know ... it makes me wonder. The TV thing was great - we really had alot of twinkles. The man told me that if I ever wanted to do any kind of hosting - any TV appearances again, that I could." We don't doubt it. Robert and Jimmy both were in New York awhile back - following the end of the U.S. tour and prior to the five British dates at Earls' Court at the middle and end of May, working on the soundtrack of the as-yet - unreleased Zeppelin film. One hopes that we'll actually get to see the



Neal Preston



Rob Finner

Robert ... and Jimmy in New York.

movie - which those of us close to Zeppelin refer to as the most elaborate home movie of all time - sometime next year. Originally the Zeps were to have performed only three dates at Earl's Court, but due to what was described as "the most

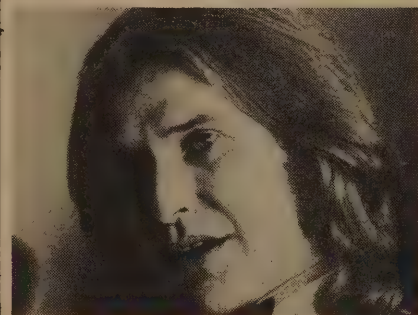
overwhelming demand for any rock show ever staged in this country" they added two more. Right before these concerts, Robert and Jimmy flew down to Miami for the opening date of the Bad Company - Maggie Bell tour.



I see Black Childers

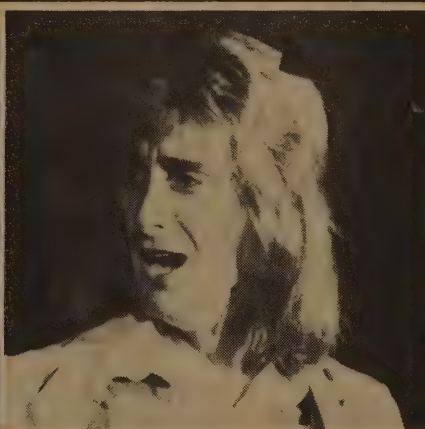
Aerosmith - getting bigger

Aerosmith are huge. They received gold records recently in Boston, and their new lp - "Toys in the Attic" - jumped right on the charts. Recently they performed in two sellout shows in their "hometown" at the Boston Garden, and the audience went wild. The two lps previous to "Toys in the Attic" - "Aerosmith" and "Get Your Wing" - were recently selling at the rate of 150,000 lps a week. Aerosmith is currently on the road - will be for about six months, and will visit more than 50 cities.



Mike Rock

Well - you finally put the term rock opera to rest, we said to Ray Davies when he was recently in New York performing "soap opera". "Right," he smiled, "someone even asked me if I was writing a rock opera, and I said no - a soap opera." So that's how it started, and Ray said that he needed to do something a little more lighthearted following "Preservation"; although the character of Flash is really something that he feels he's created, and has to develop more. "I can see him doing certain things," Ray said, "and then I realize why he would do something else ... and it's quite strange, really. I really have created this, it's like a Frankenstein ... I really think of him as a person. I'm working on a scenario of "Preservation" - and I would very much like it to be a film. However, I don't want to do anything big or grand ... with a big name director, like "Tommy". I'd ideally like to shoot it in 16mm. I'm not sure that I even should play the role of Flash, maybe I could find someone else to do it. I'm afraid I'm identifying with him too much." (See review of "Soap Opera" in *Records*; more complete Ray Davies talk in next few issues.)



Mike Portland

Nigel ... and Dee flee Elton for solo shots.

BITS AND PIECES

Bits & Pieces: So Nigel Olsson and Dee Murray left Elton to "pursue solo careers"-whatever that means.. Lou Reed, after having had haircuts resembling Frankenstein, a Nazi, a bushy afro, and a "City of Night" hustler, now has been sporting a do that reminds some of Clarabelle - from the old Howdy Doody TV Shows. Although by the time you

read this, who knows? ... Orchestra Luna came to the Little Hippodrome in New York and were such a smash that they were immediately asked to open the show for Sparks at the Academy of Music. Luna - whose music is a combination of almost every musical form that you might have ever been influenced by as a child, are delightful.

RECORDS

SOAP OPERA

The Kinks
(RCA SF 8411)



Soap Opera extends the Kinks' dalliance with theatrical traditions and settings much as it hardly strays from the time-honored interests evinced by Ray Davies and Co. over the course of the group's career. Unlike the foregoing *Preservation* cycle, the plot is neither futuristically implausible nor moralistically cut and dried, at once avoiding the conceits and conscious manipulation of form that marked the earlier work. Here, in a concept album livened by engaging humor, bittersweet romanticism and a touch of slumming elegance, Ray and the band have subtly underlined the scope of their message, a strangely touching and humanistic turnabout that is all the more effective through its sympathetic eyes and ears.

The basic theme is that everybody, once again, is in show-biz. To the end, the "Starmaker" decides to step down from his lofty perch to test his power on the smallest of scales. "I can turn the most ordinary man in the world into a star," he grandly proclaims, mixing with "Ordinary People" on a mission designed to understand their hopes, dreams, plans and ambitions. It is an environment in which Ray Davies has always functioned well, and by moving his area of research from the Village Green to a semi-urban backdrop, he again allows his wit and bite to range freely over a variety of situations, each handled with charm and finesse.

He guides his Everyman through a typical working day, the "Rush Hour Blues" blessed by a hymnal "Nine To Five" to the alcoholic haze of "When Work Is Over" and "Have Another Drink". The vignettes encompass inner dialogues, asides like "life is so

incredibly dull," short seaside interludes ("Holiday Romance") and domestic paeans ("You Make It All Worthwhile"). The image of the album is best caught in "Underneath The Neon Sign", where the cratered face of the moon is replaced by technological tack, complemented by the interior decoration of plaster "Ducks On The Wall."

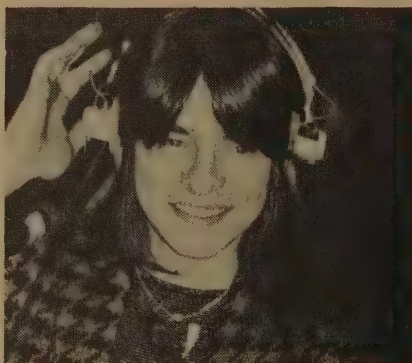
Yet *Soap Opera* does not merely confine itself to a checklist of life's duller moments. In contrast to his earlier philosophies, Davies - as Starmaker realizes toward the end of his parable that if everybody has the potential to become a star, then the logical corollary is that nobody can be intrinsically more special than anybody else. The breakthrough arrives in "(A) Face In The Crowd": "I'm just an ordinary man," discovers Our Hero. What's left? The music, of course, as eternal as life itself, the individual once more perceived to be a sum of the ongoing whole.

On stage, the work should blossom within the mode of the Kinks' new "theatrical concert," and it will be interesting to see just how far the group will expand the album's dramatic air. It's to be hoped they show the same finely honed sensibilities and taste that went into the making of this record, coupled with the warmth and stumbling amicability that have become the Kinks' own live trademark. Long may they walk down Hollywood Boulevard.

—Lenny Kaye

RICK DERRINGER/

Spring Fever (Blue Sky Records PZ 33423)



Rick Derringer makes his own particular music. It's rock and roll, faithful to the teenage dream, but mellowed by a musical sensibility. Rick has spent ten years in this business and he knows more than the three chords necessary to play *Hang On Sloopy*. How he controls this knowledge while he's still playing *Hang On Sloopy* is interesting. His

association with Johnny Winter (a show-blues player who must have affected Rick's pop sensibilities) and Edgar Winter (a lovely music man who synthesizes away classifications) has also produced a change in Rick. His new album, *Spring Fever*, is a demonstration of Rick's music. It's his best album to date, and is enjoyable as pop / rock 'n' roll / love songs / rock songs as well as a thick instrumental sandwich layer with players like Edgar Winter, Dan Hartman, Bobby Caldwell, Chick Corea, Johnny Winter, and David JoHansen. Rick, Edgar, and Johnny know how to give a rock and roll show and Rick gives us plenty of that energetic, electric sound on this album: *Gimme More*, *Still Alive And Well*, *Rock*, *He Needs Some Answers*. Rick also knows how to shed a tear for teenage love: *Don't Ever Say Goodbye*. He can get into a groove: *Walkin' The Dog* or just be pure pop: *Hang On Sloopy*.

You'll enjoy *Spring Fever*. It's a party record and it makes you want to see Rick Derringer in person. It's also got some good rock musicianship on it. The two compliment each other, and by remaining out of conflict produce a hot album.

— John Lemon

JOHN CALE:

Slow Dazzle (Island)



Something strange has been happening to me for months. It seems as though the only music I want to listen to — I mean really listen to — is music by John Cale. I don't know exactly when this thing hit me, all I know is that sometime this year I started dragging out all his old albums, (and I'm not talking about the Velvet Underground discs): "*Vintage Violence*" on CBS with the magnificent ballads "Big White Cloud", "Gideon Cried" — both worthy of John's faves, the Bee Gees; "*Paris 1919*" — of which my copy is surely worn out by now, the elegant, Graham Greene inspired recording...

RECORDS

even the esoteric "*Academy in Peril*", a classical album recorded in part with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in London. (I was at St. Giles' Church in London when John was working with the full orchestra and worried that he might not be able to adequately conduct these musicians, having been away from his classical training for so long. He needn't have worried - the album is a very special gem, the full orchestral arrangements on "John Milton", "Days of Steam" and others are superb.)

Anyway ... when John signed with Island Records to do six albums, I couldn't wait. First came the "June 1, 1974" concert recording; I wore out the "Heartbreak Hotel" cut that was his crazed, ravaged version of the Presley classic. "*Fear*" was one of my favorite albums of the year, along with Nico's "The End" - produced by Cale. (Cale, by the way, has not only done the production chores for Nico's amazing lps, "*Desertshore*", "*Marble Index*", "Nico" - did the incredible first Stooges album on Elektra. If you've not heard it, it remains one of the best things done by any band, ever, in the 1960's.)

So - this has been more about John Cale - musician, arranger, conductor, songwriter - than "Slow Dazzle", his newest lp on Island. Well - "Slow Dazzle" hasn't let me down. It's perhaps a more "commercial" lp ... although when John played "Guts" for his manager the reaction was, "great John, finally you wrote a commercial song, what are the lyrics?", to which John started, in that slow, rolling Welsh accent "... the man in the short sleeve fucked my wife". Oh. "*Slow Dazzle*" (as opposed to a quick flash) has the very best of John Cale. A romantic, lush ballad "I'm Not The Loving Kind", "Mr. Wilson" - an elegant, perfect tribute to Brian, complete with Beach Boys sound and California nostalgia, "Rolla Rolla", "Guts", "Dirtyass Rock & Roll" - all *rockers*, if we may use that word in relation to Mr. Cale - and "Heartbreak Hotel" - in an even more ravaging, terrifying version than on the live concert lp. And - at the very end there is a perfect little short story titled "The Jeweler". Read in John's dramatic voice, the punch line is worth the price of the album alone.

John Cale is one of our generation's most important

musicians. Probably long after there are Lou Reed sections in music stores all over the country, people will finally begin to pick up on the man who was responsible for much of the real madness in the Velvet Underground ... John Cale. (And I'm not talking about J.J.) Just remember I told you so.

— Lisa Robinson

"ANDY PRATT"

Andy Pratt — Columbia Records - LP Rev.



Everybody talks a lot about creating a new style and attitude towards rock for the seventies, but like the weather, nobody manages to do very much about it. The notable exceptions, such as Roxy Music, only prove the rule: most so called "new and different" artists emulate the images of sixties stars from Mick Jagger to Robert Plant, while their music often seems a contrived attempt to patch together well-worn ready made riffs. Records certainly *sound* better these days, with production standards at an all-time high, but nobody really seems to be saying very much. And of course, the best engineer and producer in the world can't guarantee your music will hit people where they live emotionally.

So much the sadder, then, that Andy Pratt's first Columbia album failed to catch on massively. More an "auteur," as the French like to call film directors, than a wishy - washy singer - songwriter, Andy is one of those rare musicians who is as articulate lyrically as he is instrumentally. Hes found a way to be impressively versatile without being in the least derivative, which is quite a trick at time when the pool of new ideas seems to be drying up. Pratt's Columbia offering, released in the spring of 1973, was only his second album ever, but so fluent and splendidly produced was it, that it sounded for all the world like his fifth.

Employing relatively unknown but extremely tasteful musicians, Andy and his producer John Nagy turned

out eleven sparkling and / or dramatic, completely original tunes. Best of all, there's no attempt on Pratt's part to sell us his personality by any other means than his music. That integrity, and the fact that he didn't tour very extensively subsequent to the album's release, probably accounts for the underwhelming response accorded Andy's display of pop genius.

With intelligence, charm and soul, Andy's writing and multi-instrumentality, not to mention his vocal theatrics, are best described as articulate and elegantly commercial. "Avenging Annie" is the classic showcase for Andy's eclecticism. An epic of rock Americana, "Annie" brings Arthur Penn, Woody Guthrie, Mozart, Jeannie C. Riley, and pure Pratt into a gratifying music cohabitation. Like Hollywood at its best, "Annie" is at once completely accessible, yet so carefully crafted that repeated listenings consistently reveal new sounds and fresh vocal nuances. Annie is a burned fame follower, who lives to regret loving Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw, but never forgets the exciting violence of their life together. "Avenging Annie" started off well enough as a single, but died midchart, suggesting that even the best attractively conceived minioperas do not Top Ten hits make.

"All the King's Weight" and "Deer Song" create surreal worlds of their own, like a Japanese fantasy film, and Andy's ballads like "Summer Summer" and "Call Up that Old Friend" are poignant in a way that projects all the tenderness that Neil Young or Nilsson are capable of, with a teenage vulnerability and a harmonized sensuality that Andy's faves, the Beach Boys, can summon only at the top of their form.

Not one tune indicates a lapse in Andy's control of his material, none fails to sustain its peculiar freakiness or the delicacy of its sentiments. Managed by one of the best, Nat Weiss, Andy Pratt should have had every chance of winning over a public that needs, now even more than two years ago, more of his kind of immediately likeable uniqueness and less of what it's already bored with. Despite a relatively limited output, Andy has defined a level for his work that is amazingly and encouragingly ambitious. Let's hope that when his currently in preparation third album is finished, we'll have overcome the culture lag which may kill rock and roll before it kills us.

—Ted Boise

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF BRITISH ROCK

By noted critic John Mendelsohn

Part One

The reaction of many to being commissioned to compose an essay on British rock then *viz a viz* British rock now might well be to do so.

Over the course of more than half a decade of being first America's best-loved rock critic, and then America's most sorely-missed retired rock critic, and finally America's most reluctant *unretired* rock critic, though, the one thing I've always strived to avoid doing is contributing to the unconscionable tedium that is most rock journalism and nearly all rock criticism.

I mean, I don't know about you, but I don't care if I ever again read another unwaveringly Responsible, undeniably Intelligent, and exemplarily Scholarly record review. As my greatest fan, Larry McClain of Liberty, Missouri, has pointed out, geezers involved with doing that probably can't write about even fucking Carl Douglas without saying something like, "Inexplicably, he betrays the legacy of Sam Cooke."

Thus, bummer the critical essay schtick. I intend instead to regale and bore you with a series of frivolous anecdotes having to do with the hours I — a workaday Joe just like you, and you, and you — have spent in the actual company of the most luminous colossi of British rock.

Let me tell you, for instance, about how I met Rod Stewart.

Having been apprised by someone who billed herself as that august personage's personal emissary that Rod has had been so profoundly flattered by my then-recent review of *Every Picture, etc.* as to wanna buy me a drink during his forthcoming visit to Hollywood, I accepted someone's nebulous invitation to attend a session at which Rod intended to overdub vocals on some tracks The Faces had just cut.

When he spied me strolling into the studio, Rod said, "Hi." I rejoined, "Hiya. I'm John Mendelsohn." Rod in turn replied, "Oh, yes: you wrote that nice thing about me." "Yep," I confessed. "Thanks," Rod said, and went back to his microphone.

Shortly thereafter he discovered that he was less than tickled with one of the

words he'd originally seen fit to sing on the track on which he was working. I suggested an alternate of the same number of syllables, which he liked enough to commit to magnetic tape.

To the best of my knowledge, the song has yet to appear on vinyl, owing microscopically, I like to imagine, to the fact, that when he'd finished singing and returned to the control room, my answer to his inquiry regarding how I like the song was, "Not awfully."

Who can say that I wouldn't today be sunning myself on my own little island purchased with my songwriter's royalties, rather than staring disconsolately through the rain - and tear-streaked windows of my little apartment in a disreputable Sunset Strip highrise had I at that moment been rather more diplomatic and less, as we say in the record biz, out-front?

In the spring of 1970, when virtually no one with a cassette-recorder and a pulse wasn't sweet-talked into interviewing Ian Anderson by curvaceous Hollywood publicist Bobbi Cowan, I met Martin Barre.

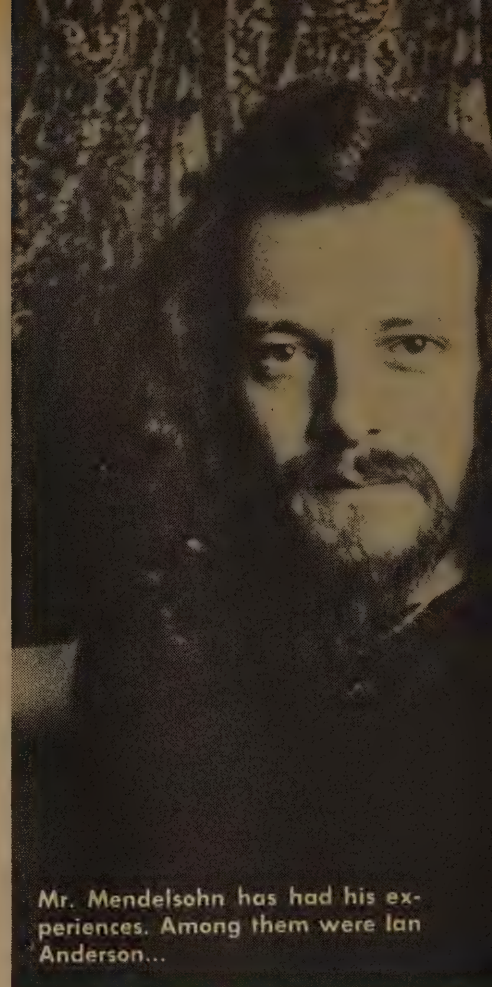
Shortly after tapping on the Continental Hyatt House door behind which buxom Bobbi had assured me Ian was looking forward to meeting me, a small English - accented voice bade me, "Come in." I did just that, but what to my wondering eyes should appear but a pudgy, milk - white little figure in jockey shorts, whom I immediately recognized as Jethro Tull guitar star Barre?

"Have a seat," Martin encouraged me, "Ian will be back in a moment."

This oration completed, he returned to the little private sundeck on which he'd been sunning himself, to no visible avail.

Perhaps a year later, backstage at a concert in St. Louis, I overheard a member of Procol Harum confide to a member of Curved Air, "I think if I was Martin Barre I'd slash my wrists," apparently in reference to my new friend's lack of virtuosity on the guitar and lowly station in the Tull pecking order.

I suppose I should note that I, Anderson did eventually show up to be inter-



Mr. Mendelsohn has had his experiences. Among them were Ian Anderson...

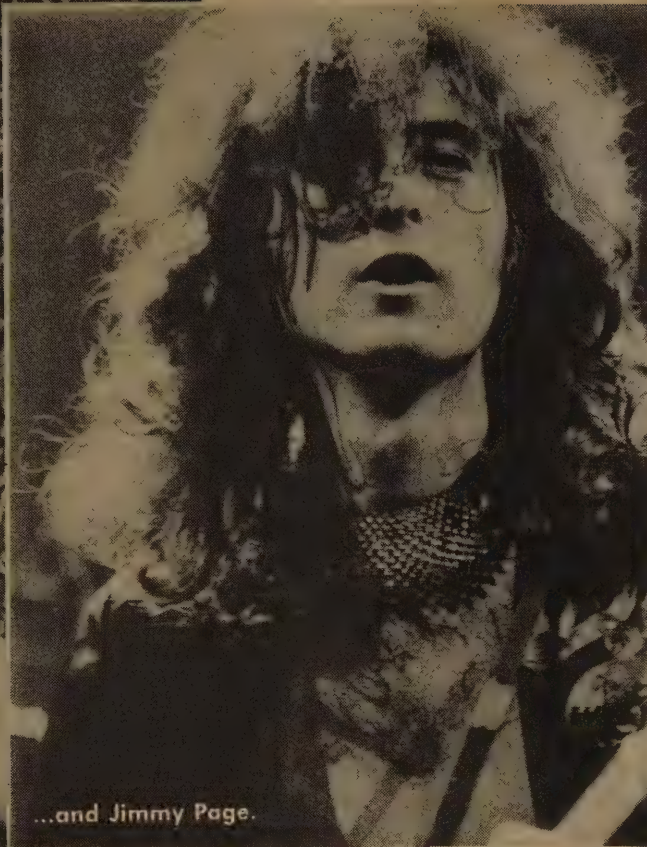
viewed, much as Mart had predicted he would, but in a curt and pissy mood. Which you'd have been in too had Bobbi Cowan sweet-talked everyone in the city with a cassette-recorder and a pulse to come up and interview you. Still, I've no particular yearning to sit next to the man on a long Greyhound bus trip, say.

When I wrote my famous unenthusiastic review of *Led Zeppelin* in May, 1969, little did I imagine that fully six years later it would still seem likely that the inscription on my tombstone will read, "Here lies John Mendelsohn. He didn't like *Led Zeppelin* (or *Led Zeppelin II*)."

Since then, for God's sake, I've played in groups and written songs and billions of words on other subjects and fallen in love and broken hearts and had my heart broken, and still the first thing everybody says when his therapist solicits his response to the words "John Mendelsohn" is, "Oh, yeah: the guy who hates *Led Zeppelin*." How would *you* feel?

Not that there haven't been gratifying side-effects. Who knows, for instance, how I could ever have dreamed of getting my name into *Oui* magazine had not my buddy Jimmy Page been princely enough to tell the interviewer therefrom that I personally embody all that was vile and Unfair about rock criticism when *Zeppelin* began?

Similarly, would I ever in this lifetime have had my name heard by 12,000 people simultaneously had not Robert Plant, at the conclusion of Zep's August, 1970, performance at the



...and Jimmy Page.

Preston/Kent

Anaheim Convention Center, assured a capacity audience that they were gonna "get" me to the tune of causing my ears to resemble cauliflower?

I've come to hope that they remain

gigantically popular: I really enjoy discovering my own name in prestigious magazines for whom I've never written.

Before I tell you all about Mick Jagger, Pete Townshend, Ray Davies, and all the other stars with whom you're fascinated, I'd like to say a few words about being famous.

It's not necessarily any picnic. People

mostly very nice and immaculately-intentioned people — are forever approaching you, announcing, "Hi, (Mick, or Eric, or even Lester): you don't know me, but I really love your latest (tour, or album, or even record review)," and then getting all crushed when the celebrity involved merely says, "Thanks a million," and makes no attempt to get to really know them.

What one has to appreciate is that, while each of a hundred daily approaches of this sort might be real flattering on its own, in sum they're only exhausting.

For instance, the author was inexplicably invited to attend a Rock Critics Symposium last year in Buffalo, after which there was a sort of party. At the party the first thing that happened to the author was that some nice little geezer who claimed to be a big fan of the author's found out the author used Rapidograph drawing pens and began to exude this seemingly indefatigable rap on his own experience with same.

After the first ten minutes I longed to excuse myself to see if maybe I could convince some local beauty to share my Royal Inn bed with me later on, but had I done so this little geezer and all his pals — who by now had formed an attentive circle around us — would probably have thought me arrogant, stuck-up, and what-not.

One can scarcely conceive of what it must be like for someone who's *really* famous.

The point of all of which is: if, when you meet Mick Jagger, he declines your invitation to come see for himself if you don't have every last record the Stones ever made, don't think ill of him. It might simply be that he's eager to talk some local beauty into sharing his Royal Inn bed with him. □



Richard Creamer

Find the author in these photographs.

"National characteristics are not easy to pin down ... Nevertheless, nothing is causeless, and even the fact that Englishmen have bad teeth can tell one something about the realities of English life" - George Orwell, "England Your England".

George, godblessim, was British, and had extremely bad teeth, and yet managed to write the finest novel this century in "Nineteen Eighty - Four". He could not have written "Nineteen Eighty - Four" with good teeth. Ray Davies would not be Ray Davies without his Terry - Thomas "gap", and Terry - Thomas would not be Terry - Thomas without his Ray Davies gap. The reason I loved Keith Richard was because he had teggies like the stumps of old, moss - lined tomb stones. Keith Moon looks like he's just been chewing on a live - grenade. Barry Gibb has the dental structure of an aged horse; and before the change, dear little Herman of the Hermits had a mouthfull of horrors 48 times too big for his gob. To all intents and purposes, Herman, with mouth open resembled a subway tunnel with Stonehenge hanging out of it. Teeth.

As children, in English schools, we were submitted to all kinds of Victorian horrors. Receiving the cane on the back - side (six strokes) may appeal to those with Warholistic tendencies, but it was no bloody fun when you couldn't sit down for two days after the beating.

Sometimes they'd give you the cane on the hand, and your knuckles would swell up like a catcher's mit, and then they'd expect you to write 2,000 words on the importance of William Pitt the Younger, with the same bloody hand. And you didn't have to be particularly naughty to get the mighty stick of Seth, my old headmaster, who stood 6ft 3 ins tall and delivered the wand with 250lbs of propulsion behind it. I mean, all we used to do was chuck handfulls of magnesium on lit Bunsen burners. I know it creates one helluva messy explosion, but we COULD have been inventing a new form of rocket fuel for all THEY knew.

Then in metal - work classes we'd refuse to lubricate the electric drills until the buggers started to melt, or torture the girls by shoving loads of iron - filings down their knickers. Harmless fun to be sure, but Seth would have us in his office one by one for one of his Captain Bligh beatings. All this, all this medieval torture. But there was something far more chilling than Seth's stick. Something that made you sweat like a pig in bed the night before it took place - horror of horrors, the bi-yearly inspection by the British National Health Dental Brigade. Oh my God, let me take a quick drag of this Marlboro, and a slug of Colt 45 before I shift my mind back to those dark ages.

They used to do it like this. The day before, they'd tell you that there was going to be a dental inspection, and the whole class would sort of turn a whiter shade of pale; and Dennis Ballinger would come out in blotches; and Colin Crooks used to develop something akin to T.B.; and the girls would start inspecting each others' teeth. Mild, but horrific

hysteria grew in the room. And the next day you would be plucked from the classroom, alphabetically, in groups of four, and trudge downstairs to Seth's office. He would be smiling inanely in one corner, his stick hidden. And there waiting for you would be two white - coated fiends, looking all too much like former experimental surgeons from Auschwitz. They spent about two minutes with each mouth, shoving in rods and shovels and ice-picks, and then the chief examiner would mumble something to his secretary, who would scribble something on your file.

And then they'd give you a slip of paper - and you'd quake at the knees. It was a ticket to Mill Hill. Your duodenum tied itself cleanly into a reef knot. Mill Hill. Oh dear God, not Mill Hill!

Now there existed in Derby during the 50s and early 60s a large old mansion on the top of Mill Hill Lane, which was built sometime during the late 1700s, and was believed to carry a large collection of racks, thumbscrews, and large tongs for pulling out tongues. The interior had been vaguely modified shortly before the First War to treat the teeth of the young children of Derby, and had never been changed. It had lovely signs in the dressing room like "Sweeties Kill Teeth", and a pretty little drawing of horribly mauled teeth beneath it, smothered with a piece of melting chocolate. Smothered screams came from the insides of the building. Kids were called in groups of four to "The Room", and I swear that some never returned.

Those that did resembled miniature versions of Marlon Brando in "The Godfather", mouths packed tight with cotton wool; cheeks bloated and an unhealthy visage of premature senility. And they came out one after the other, stumbling a little, aided by parents with tight smiles offering presents of electric train sets, new soccer balls and a weekend in a holiday camp in Skegness, Lincolnshire. They had gone through Hell.

When they took you to "The Room" they equipped you with copies of "Beano" - a British comic book, and strapped a thick foul smelling rubber apron across your chin and chest. Then you had to sit and wait. But it was the rubber apron we hated. Brown, thick rubber. We knew it had to be blood - resistant. Blood - resistant. Teeth.

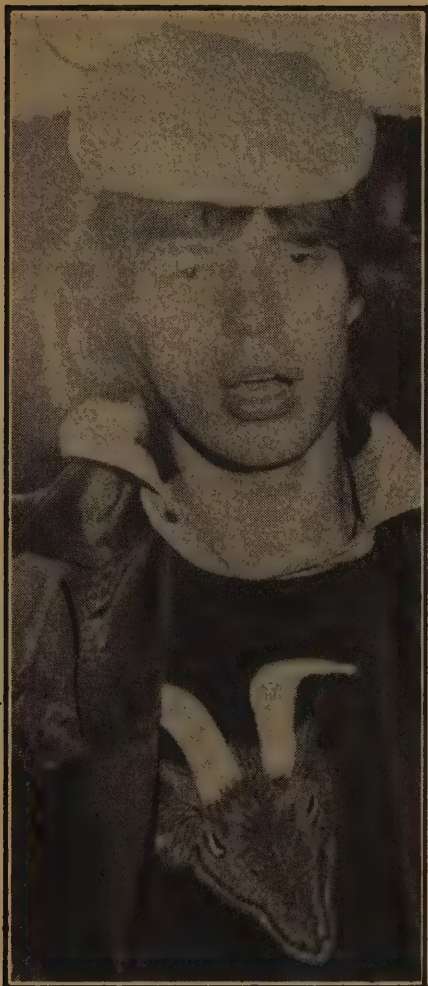
Then you were called, and with your heart beating like a steam - hammer, were led into "The Room". You were strapped to the rack as the stench of medical things curled up your nose. Then they thrust a huge rubber muzzle over your mouth and nose, and asked to start counting to ten. Gas began to emit from the muzzle: "One, two, three ... er ... four ... fi..." and you were out into a world of foul fantasy. Road drills were pushed into your mouth, and 20ft high teeth marched down Mill Hill in perfect formation. You were forced to swim through huge puddles of blood in an effort to escape Wicked Dan the Dentist, and his sadistic assistant Anna Von Kleinstguilt. But then you came round, mouth full of wool, and

TEETH

A Brief Essay On The Decay Of British Teeth, And The Success Of Cavity-Prone Rock

by Dr. Roy Hollingworth
M.D.

(Molar Disorder, Univ. of Wogga -
Wogga, New South Wales, Aus-
tralia).



holes the size of Fifth Avenue craters in your gums. Teeth.

We all went through this torture. They scooted you in one after another, lept into your mouth and pulled out anything that looked a "little strange". It was awful, and as we got older, was to be avoided at all costs. We'd fail to go to inspections; the House of Horrors at Mill Hill would not be seen again. Gradually our teeth began to rot, but what the Hell? If the buggers want to rot and fall out, well, that was nature, and after all, we were British.

Due to the fact that I didn't eat sweeties (I was already into Johnny Walker scotch) I managed to keep a pretty clean set of pegs, until a fateful day on a soccer pitch in Burton-on-Trent. I was playing goalkeeper for Henry Cavendish 2nd XI, and bold as a bull dived at the feet of an onrushing forward in an attempt to cover the ball. Instead of getting the ball, the forward presented me with a size 10 regulation soccer boot - right down my throat. I began to spit blood, and small chips and bits of white stuff. My wonderful front teeth were turned into a jagged mess of unrecognizable debris. I had sharp bits filed down, but being British, refused to have caps. When they had healed, and eventually resembled something like teeth, I found that I had a wonderful, custom - built gap between my two front teeth, ideal for holding cigarettes while playing cricket. I have kept it ever since, and refuse to have it cosmetically removed.

There were few British kids who took any care of their teeth, hence a teenager generation of warrior - like individuals, who, when smiling, resembled pirates about to board a galleon.

The old Keith Richard always reminded me of a pirate - a Robert Newton type character, with blackened stumps and gaps all over the place. Haven't seen him since he had them all fixed, but I'm sure some of his magic is gone. Cosmetics, bah! He's a Rolling Stone. What happened Keith, what happened?

Dear Ray Davies still keeps his gap though. Harsh memories of "The Room" and the gas - chamber will keep that gap forever in that famous mouth. Let's face



it, he really wouldn't look like Ray Davies without that gap. My way of thinking, broken or deformed teggies have that harsh beauty of a German officers' cheek - scar.

Of course, bad teeth does make for good rock and roll. There's nothing screws me up more than seeing some glamour king wiggling his hips, and pulling the curtains back to reveal a mouthful of sparkling, perfect teggy - weggies, all in perfect line; clean, like a row of soldiers who have never seen battle.

So, if you're a budding rock star, and really want to shuggy out to mean music take these tips, and follow them closely.

1: Never go to the dentist ever again. If the pain becomes too much, chug brandy. You'll soon forget that you possess a

head, let alone teeth.

2: If your teeth are in good condition, take a four by two inch file, a large shot of Remy Martin, and rip away at that prettiness. The Acme "Little Devil" file gives best results, and can be purchased at all leading hardware stores.

3: Bite dogs.

4: Play your guitar solos with your teeth. Watch slow motions clips of Hendrix, and then tuck into those six silver strings.

5: Call Roto - Rooter once a year, just to clean out the barnacles that may develop on the tongue and behind the teeth.

6: Avoid people with perfect teeth. These are sterile, worthless people, and even their socks don't ever smell. They also, like Queen Elizabeth, never go to the toilet, and dry clean their underwear.

Keeping these tips in mind, and chewing on bones after dinner will improve your rock and roll tenfold.

It will also give you a image of individuality, charisma, character, and foul smelling breath.

ALL - TIME GREAT BAD TEETH HITS.

- 1 "Fangs for the Memory"
- 2 "Toothache Hotel"
- 3 "Twist and Shout"
- 4 "White Teeth, Light Bite"

Oh, this is silly. □

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"TOMMY" AND THE REST OF ROCK AND ROLL CINEMA

The Media Monster With Two Left Feet

by Lance Loud!

Rock and roll movies today are just so clumsy. Even though I tell myself every morning that 'rock and roll is an art form ... rock and roll IS an art form!' the fact of the matter is that art form schmart form, it is still run by the same types of business men that operate supermarket chains, sell real estate, own banks, basically run everything. They are dramatically shortsighted, *very* hesitant and are only in it for the money (thanks Frank). Thusly, it takes the larger part of Forever for them to decide whether something is actually *saleable* or not, and they usually make up their minds that it IS by the time that it ISN'T.

Witness, in point of fact, the film versions of "Jesus Christ, Superstar" and "Godspell". Here we have two films that previously were big trend items in records and book form, theatrical productions ... to say nothing of conversions. Face it, they both were popular fascination items ... about 2 or 3 years *before* they were made into movies. In both cases, by the time that the FILM versions were triumphantly released, most of the fascination had worn off ... who wants yesterdays wafers? Religion as rock and roll subject matter pretty much a camp era item as opposed to a popular cause. So their sprightly banners, zingy meaningfulness and filmatic GLORY was immediately relegated to first run positions on the same bill as 'Frankenstein AC/DC' and 'Vibrator Girls' on 42nd Streets throughout America.

It was not so much that the subject material was *bad* but it was just followed up too late. The same could be true of 'Tommy'. The story line and theme jive does make one aware that 'Tommy' is a movie whose inspiration harkens from 'another decade ... another acid trip', when the Maharishi was still lukewarm in our minds. But then again 'Tommy', the film, might be able to pull itself off due to the heavy load of superstars it has squirting across its banners everywhere and, in the movie, squirting over him.

Do the WHO like their movie version? Would you like to see your rock opera turned into a post psychedelic era filmic flashback? The basic idea that it was a "rock opera" complete with all the elements of dramatic theatre makes it seem a juicy subject that one *couldn't* make a bad movie out of. It was not only a fascinating creative challenge but the



Ann Margret in "Bye Bye Birdie"...

possible financial returns didn't look so bad either. Mixing film with rock and roll, the two most popular media forms of entertainment and, isn't entertainment the Golden Calf in this, our era of recession? You couldn't lose on this one.

FOTOS FROM A FAN'S BOOK: The "Tommy" Premiere or Day of the Locust '75.

Held at Ziegfeld theatre (where all the flamboyant / extravaganza / catastrophe film-affairs are thrown in NYC), the highly strung manner of the event, mixed with the raucous crowd of outside onlookers, made it THE streetside religious revival of the season.

Crowds snaked up and down the avenue on both sides of the theatre. Police kept pushing all the constantly out-popped heads back behind the police barrier trying, with desperate looks, to ward off the seething masses. Limos lurked towards the base of the blazing spotlight and antic t.v cameras at the entrance of the theatre. Some of these lined up auto-de-luxes had to stop halfway



Ann Margret in "Tommy."

down the block in order to let the cars in front of them spill their Glamor Loads out onto this evenings social footlights. Whenever a car had to stop before it approached the entrance, small crowds of fans gleefully took advantage of the idling engines to jump over the barriers and press themselves over the limos. Kids in levis and parkas, ladies in fake fur and instamatics would peer into the tinted windows to see if there was anyone inside, anyone of real diamonized IMPORTANCE, that is.

Most of them behind the glass were stars that night and the onlookers would gasp as their favorite deities made their way through a gale of flashbulbs into the theatre which was standing in for Heaven that night. JOHNNY WINTER, KEN RUSSELL, ANDY WARHOL, TINA TURNER:

"Oooh, there's Tina Turner!! Miss Tina! Miss Tina! Yo' sho' do look baaad t'nite, girl!" PETER TOWNSHEND, PEGGY CASS, FRANKIE VALLI, HALSTON, ROBERT STIGWOOD,



Jayne Mansfield in "The Girl Can't Help It"...

ELTON JOHN, TONY PERKINS, ANN MARGRET:

"Look honey, look! It's Ann Margret! Look at that dress, she looks just lovely... doesn't she have some sort of plastic jaw bone holding her face together?" Like a passionate sheep dog, this premiere crowd watched with hungry eyes the fleeting glimpses of their media heroes who had forsaken television, records and movies *to be with them tonight!*

It was my first premiere and I too was in serious deep thrill about it. Sure, I had seen plenty of televised Army Archerd L.A. Premieres when I was a kid ("Ahhh, look HERE, ladies and gentlemen, we have the oh! So lovely Miss ANN MILLER with us *right now!* Ann, you look gorgeous tonight! You've lost a little WEIGHT! You know I've loved you since I was just a kid, you were tremendous in "The Egyptian". By the way, don't you get tortured and finally slaughtered off by a cult of lesbian vampires in tonight's PREMIERE FILM? What are your views on womens lib?"). "Tommy" was the first time I had seen a premiere done in person before. I sweltered when I thought that I was walking on the *same* carpet that Paulette Goddard had just walked on... it's so very refreshing to find oneself left breathless by such corny things.

My friend and I sat down as soon as we got in. All I could think about was the movie that lay ahead, this was going to be *more* than a movie, it had been promoted into an Olympian event. In a few moments I would be seeing the long awaited

** TOMMY **

"Tommy", starring all those SWELL superstars! "Tommy", with music that had been done fifty billion times till it was pressed into permanent memory. My

heart was tied up in bows waiting happily to be rendered by the creative force I was expecting to splash out of the screen. I have heard of instances of people crashing through movie screens during '2001: A Space Odyssey' screaming "It's God! It's God!", now I was more than ready to follow suit for the luv a "Tommy"!

Hussssh! The movie was beginning. The movie went on. The movie went on further. The movie just went *on and on and on and on!* I tried to make myself believe in it but alas, it was like trying to throw pennies into the window of a speeding car passing by, c'est impossible. Never once could I manage to break through the hard sell candy gloss exterior... WAS there anything else? I left this question unanswered, along with my program, in my theatre seat and took the subway home. The train ride was a more enlightening experience.

POST FLICK FURIOSO

If I were Barry McGuire, I would write a protest song about films like "Tommy", maybe a little ditty called 'Kid of Destruction'. Everything "Tommy" touched bit the dust. His parents, his beautiful mansion (how could they burn that old victorian palace down for this crummy film?) the aspirations of the Who, gone gone, everything gone. All was lost, sorry, no survivors; through its insensitivity, through its glossiness, through its ornate "what is this here for?" facades; "Tommy" was bloated up on cheap thrills.

Oh yes, it tried so hard to knock you off your feet but even from the beginning it was already too punchdrunk to aim correctly. To compensate for this, it seemed like "Tommy" kept putting lampshades on its head to keep you amused. It never touched the heart, it just left you slightly dizzy.

And rock and roll... WHAT rock and roll? If you listened to the songs real hard you could tell that there might be ways of doing them in a rock and roll style but for the most part it sounded like the Boston Pops had done the soundtrack with an added section of electric guitars. When Tina Turner screeched into her Acid Queen tirade it certainly did sound as if she was moving to the beat of a different drummer because the instrumentation sounded like it was done by a bunch of reserved, restrained and slightly embarrassed anglo-saxon puritans. Eric Clapton did a "reel bloozy" version of "Eyesight To the Blind", lulling it into a state of deepest sleep. The only real vocal honors should go to Elton John, who not only sang "Pinball Wizard" with inventive energy but actually acted out the role well, all coy 'n' catty, giving it the feeling of a comic book character, something that perhaps more of the cast should have done to make Tommy World seem a bit more real.

Long ago, Donovan sang in his hit 'Sunshine Superman' "any trick in the book"... Could this have been some weird Jeanne Dixonish type prophecy on what lengths "Tommy" would go to to try and cover every cliché imaginable?

Somehow, you could tell that they had been aware that in their initial efforts to tie *music* up with *movie* they only ended up tying their shoelaces together so they opened up the closet of all predicable possibilities and began to heave to.

Numbering among the things I saw in "Tommy" that I mysteriously felt like I had seen somewhere before was the little episode in which Tommy, in the throes of singing "I'm Free!" ran through a field... *of flowers?* Somewhere in the back of my boggled mind a muse, at this moment reassured me by whispering "Don't YOU use Dial? Don't you wish EVERYBODY did?" Whew, for a second there I thought I was having Deja-vu!!

The scene in which Ann Margret is battered about by the vomiting television set did come the closest to being one good link between the director's art and the Who's idea of how "Tommy" should cinematically stand. For the rest of the time it seemed that director Ken Russell (who HAS shown 24 carat brilliance in films like his stupendous 'The Devils') never *could* make up his mind whether to be a camp follower in the prescribed "Tommy" tradition or to kidnap the brat and take him on his own visual safari.

My favorite mondo ridiculoso scene in the whole show was when Ann Margret started dancing a mean Philly Dog, alternating it a bit with snatches of the Pony and the Jerk in front of Tommy and when he WOUNDN'T dance with her. Well! She just pushed him through a mirror... you don't turn down a dancing offer from a Las Vegas star, kid!

The end of 'Tommy' is something I would like to discuss briefly, for it had so many interpretations. Tommy, by the end of the film, has run out of things to do, he's broken as many mirrors as he ever



Roger Daltrey in "Tommy"



The late Brian Jones in "Monterey Pop".

wanted to, he has inadvertently killed both his parents and if he looks at another *PINBALL MACHINE* he is going to throw up! So he starts running around like a dyspotic hippy (for this film, "fast paced" means that Roger Daltry, who is luckily in xint physical condition, runs about 600 miles before the film is over) going through the whole "I'm free, see me, feel me, c'mon - c'mon - c'mon - c'mon and touch me babe" schtick. He scrambles up to the top of a mountain to stand victorious as the camera catches him in his best silhouette. *END OF FILM.*

My friend and I tried to decide what this meant. I maintained that it left us hanging until they release "Tommy Part II" in which Tommy becomes possessed by the ghost of his dead father (who was on the prowl in "Tommy Pt. I" as a war disfigured BEAST) and the horrifying trials he is put through along his way to being exorcised by the Flying Nun, played by Linda Blair (I hear ALL the rumors). My friend said "Pshaw", this was not possible at all, Linda was obviously afraid to fly. He maintained that what the long, last, silhouette shot *really* meant was that Tommy, perched up on top of that last mountain, feeling like he was in hog heaven, was letting his freak flag fly; for, on the other side he had no doubt discovered the elusive Shangri-La Land of Love, Incense and discarded Ripple bottles, none other than li'l old WOODSTOCK NATION!! How perf., it sorta goes along with the flow of things, the world is a circle ... SEE what F-U-N you can have with something, even if you didn't like it? Yes, friends, you can always turn a depression into a fun-o-rama fantasy with just a little imagination.

As in most of the big commercial efforts today, "Tommy" tried to come up

Your normal Woodstockian Sunday afternoon...



Fame and fortune and David Essex in "Stardust".

with a formula for greatness. It was: Extravaganza + Superstars = Quality, but people walked out of the theatre still wondering "Where's the punch line?" and all they could remember were the bulky, gaudy props and gimmicks; but ahhh my friends, props do not a punch line make.

Surveying the genre in general, for all the qualities and possibilities, I can not think of too many rock films that are worth shooting to Mars to show off our culture. I mean, could you give a screening of "Medicine Ball Caravan" to a bunch of Extraterrestrials and then stand up and say "THIS is my race ... aahhnd ahhm mighty proud of 'em!""? Forget it, you would be disintegrated in a second.

The safest style for filming rock is the documentary, you know, very *verite*. This is good for a number of reasons. Number one: it shows (hopefully) exactly how rock fits into the scheme of things. Number two: when done documentary style, it is usually possible to catch the

performer in concert where he is more at ease than if he is given special preparation to go before cameras. Witness David Bowie in the Pennebaker documentary of his Rainbow Concert, as opposed to his David Bowie special for television which looked like he had thrown a drag ball and only *he* showed up. Number three: If the story never goes anywhere, and the performance is lousy, it can never be the filmmakers' fault because he was just filming what happened!!

So - since rock documentary has so far been the most accessible style of coaxing rock and roll onto celluloid, there have been more good results with this style as opposed to more adventurous projects.

"Monterey Pop" and "Don't Look Back" both by D.A. Pennebaker are excellent. "Pop" is basically a line-up of stars but is also an historical document of an era when it looked like everyone in the world *just might* join hands and smile forever. With performances by the

Mamas and Papas, Ravi Shankar (he was pretty bearable the first time around) and the Who, it was pretty "happening". And it marked the first real public emergence of two great stars who went on to be knocked off; Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix. Both of them gave stunning performances ... what a shame.

"Gimme Shelter" by the Maysles Brothers: One of the few movies that was able to combine a real sense of dynamic "behind the scenes" coverage of what it was really like to be the Rolling Stones; with their great music (the opening when the screen is all black, then suddenly they announce them and the Stones are just ON full power is really an all time A+er) and then the drama and frightening tragedy of Altamont which signified an end to an era. An era claimed to have begun at Woodstock (that movie was a snore except for the Who) but had really been started in "Monterey Pop" ... all this and NONE of it was planned or faked; documentary rock at its finest. (This film is NOT to be confused with "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Rolling Stones" which looked like it was made up of outtakes from "Gimme Shelter", and convinced you that maybe you *had* seen the Rolling Stones do "Brown Sugar" and "Street Fighting Man" enough.)

The TAMI (Teen Age Music International ... NOT the one that goes Hawaiian periodically on late night movies) Show — When Diana Ross smacked her lips into the electronovision cameras at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium in 1964 on the TAMI show, she fared far better than Tina Turner doing her Acid Queen schtick. When Tina did it, it was to a fisheye lens, close-up on the mouth, and she became a racial joke unto herself. But Diana, backed up by her Supremes in the midst of "Where Did Our Love Go" smacked sheer sexuality more than she did Aunt Jemima. This documentary featured some of the coolest Motown acts around (Smokey Robinson, Marvin Gaye) PLUS the early and raw - as - you - please Rolling Stones. I have been known to launch into tirades against popular "today" soul music but when it comes to that mid sixties sound, forget it! I know how to do the Jerk and Watusi just as well as my brothers! Marvin Gaye left an impression on me from the TAMI show I will never forget ... he was cool, KOOLNESS personified and James Brown gave a performance that will settle once and for all any doubt as to where the Rolling Stones got the inspiration to write "19th Nervous Breakdown". I know a girl who was there and she said that when Brown left the stage (after more than one phony exit) Mick would not let the Stones come on for 2 hours because Brown had turned the audience on TOO much.

"THE Girl Can't Help It!" — Can Jayne Mansfield act? Is sniveling little Tom Ewell (who plays the same sniveling role in every B film he was in) a person you would save from jumping off a bridge? The answers to both these questions is probably 'no', but when these two team together in this rock and roll variety



A familiar sixties pose in "Stardust"

show remake of "Born Yesterday" the only thing that matters is that rock and roll comes out on top, full of good, clean fun! Made in 1956 with a story line that is about as badly acted as it is sweet and innocuous, the Rock remains XLNT!! Fats Domino, Little Richard, Gene Vincent, and Eddie Cochran. Julie London even has a cameo bit as a succubus who haunts Tom Ewell singing "Cry Me A River"; with each line she appears semi-transparent in a different ghostly gown ... devilish! Of the rock performers, Gene Vincent and his band play 'Be Bop - A - Lula' and prove themselves to be one of the craziest acting bands in the world. (did the new band TELEVISION get their inspiration from them?). Gene and the boys shake, shudder and moan their rock and roll like a bunch of retards on a popper overdose! All you autistic fans will love 'em! Then there's little Eddie Cochran, one of my all time favorites. He looks like a kid who lost his yo-yo, frustrated and jerky, all dressed up in '50's baggy finery, he was a real kool dresser. Strapped into a guitar that looks too big for him, he literally wrestles through a song that he wrote just for the film, "20 Flight Rock". Sigh, he had such a great voice, he was such a swell dresser, but you get this feeling that if you gave him a couple more years, you would have seen him coming out with alot of country-western drone ... and probably gospel too. Zzzzz; may he rest in peace.

Now, we mustn't forget Jayne M! Through the movie she had been listening to this stuff, squeaking and chirping her way through the story line like she was performing for peanuts and saltine bits. Finally, towards the end, rock and roll brings her to the light! (Just the scene of Fats Domino singing "Blue Monday" alone should have been enough) and Jayne herself scores a huge hit single all by herself called 'Rock Pile Blues' that she performs at dances, funerals and bar mitzvahs, - sending the kids of the nation absolutely MAD (a go-go) with her imitation of a police siren (a composite of all the squeaks she has been letting off during the picture). It is also the only vocalizing she has to do in the song. "She can't help it, the girl can't help it!" is chanted by L. Richard everytime there is a shot of Jayne walking down the street, her mammarys jogging optimistically in front of her. See this movie at ALL costs!

Of course I have to list "Hard Days Night", "Help" and "Yellow Submarine"

as favorites too. Even though it is now considered hip to bad mouth the Beatles and boast about how you never *really* liked them in the first place, they were the sheer adorablest! I recently saw "Magical Mystery Tour" and was pretty disappointed by how much it looked like a back yard fantasy done on super 8 (which, in fact it was). There was also too much of an undeniable marijuana influence as well. But I was pleasantly, if not rather poignantly surprised to see that the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah band are in this film performing "Death Cab For Cutie"; alas, they were so GREAT, I wish they had done a movie ... perhaps they should have done 'Tommy'?

"Bye Bye Birdie". This was "Hair" with a part when it opened on Broadway in the early sixties. It was wild, but it was still the early sixties. For the movie version they wrote the title tune (there was never a "Bye Bye Birdie" song when the play was a hit on Broadway) and found little Ann Margret to star as the lovesick teenager who had a bad case of the old "see me feel me touch me's" for her rock idol, Conrad Birdie. In the film Ann was a real sex kitten with a yowling voice: "BWII BWII BHER-DEE!!!" is exactly the way she sang it, all nasal annoyance. I think that was the studio's idea of how a teen-age accent should sound, not too unlike the squawk of a starving magpie. After you see the film you get the idea that that is what they thought teen-agers were; but with such great songs like "Got A Lot of Living To Do", the inimitable "One Last Kiss" and the teen choreographed showstopper of all time "Telephone Talk Hour" it all seemed so ultra charming that you couldn't put it down. The film began and ended with Ann singing her blaring tribute to fandom immemorial ("Bye Bye Birdie") on a sky blue cyclorama. This was nice, it made the entire film seem like a fantasy enclosed in musical parentheses. Oh Ann! If only kittens didn't have to grow up to be cats!

"Stardust" Starring David Essex, a new type of rock film. It is a fake documentary on the rise and demise of a top pop British rockstar and it is so frightening and depressing that if you like rock and roll this film will ruin any delusions you may have. Combining the greatest downfalls known in rockdom: ego, greed, drugs, personality crisis and roles them up into one stunning David Essex. Why did he deserve this fate? Why did we? □

Let me begin with an inspirational thought from that old optimist, Dorothy Parker, who I always turn to in moments of desperation. She wrote a poem called "Resume" in which she considers various forms of suicide but cannot decide on one because none of them are very pleasant — for example, razors and guns are rather painful, acids are unsightly, rivers are awfully cold and wet, hanging yourself and drugs are undependable, finally concluding with:

*Gas smells awful;
You might as well live.*

Thank you, Mrs. Parker. (I would have quoted the entire poem for you but our copyright laws prohibit it — so you'll have to look it up.) At any rate, oblivious

valescence abroad, I returned to New York, settled into my new apartment, and began to build a new life for myself — silly me, the old one was obviously not used up yet. For, one fine day, Mrs. Bowie called from London to say that our long planned trip to North Africa and Arabia was imminent and I should hasten to London to prepare for immediate departure to the scorching desert sands. The weather was rotten in New York, so I was ecstatic. Packing three suitcases full of cut - offs and T-shirts I caught the next plane for England. By the time I got here, the trip was off or postponed or something. Like many things in life and most things in rock and roll, it was just a dream. So here I sit with a gallon of suntan lotion and the sun nowhere in sight. Is

the persistent raindrops to jewels — Daimlers, Rolls-Royces, liveried chauffeurs, photographers with flashes going off like machine guns — screaming fans; bewildered tourists; fabulous furs draped over the shoulders of tall, willowy Negresses resting weightlessly on the arms of the even taller, more willowy young men with perfectly coiffed hair — and at the door, a red uniformed doorman with a loudspeaker announcing each guest as they arrived to the shrill screams of the hundreds of fans armed with wet Instamatics and restrained by dutiful English bobbies — "Mr. David Essex (scream), Mr. Ringo Starr (scream), Mr. Rod Stewart and Miss Britt Ekland (scream), Mr. Roger Daltrey (scream), Mr. Peter Townshend (hysteria)." Ah,

HELP!

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

Or London Again On No Dollars A Day

by Lee Black Childers

to copyright laws, I have been scratching this verse on the backs of postcards purchased at Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum (featuring eerie countenances of famous people sculpted in wax either in their death agonies or staring catatonically into space) and sending them, unsigned, to friends and colleagues in the States. Just because they are preparing to enjoy the happy, warm days of Summer in "the land of the free and the home of the brave", I can see no reason why they shouldn't be reminded that there are those less fortunate who by some twist of Fate have been consigned to other lands (albeit temporarily) where the sun never shines and where the constant trickle of cold rain is only interrupted by an occasional snow flurry. Yes, April in London. Spring under the warm glow of the Aurora Borealis. True, the tulips and daffodils have struggled bravely up and stand with their colorful blossoms shivering in the rain heralding the coming of Spring and the hope that sometime around late August the sun will shine and the temperature will creep up to 80 and the newspaper headlines will scream "HEAT WAVE! HEAT WAVE!"

Do you think I sound discontent? Unhappy? Depressed? Suicidal? You could be right. Let me throw another log on the fire, stuff some newspaper in the cracks around the windows, mix up a nice hot toddy, and I'll tell you why.

Don't get me wrong — I really love London. If you read last month's installment, you know I fled to London to recuperate from the horrors and depression following the untimely closing of "Sgt. Pepper." After my month's con-

it any wonder I have turned to Mrs. Parker for solace?

London has compensated in its way for the rain and chill by providing a fairly steady stream of happenings and events of interest to keep our spirits up. The outstanding event of the past month would have to be the "Tommy" opening. Did I just hear you groan? Could it be you've read and heard quite enough of sweet little Tommy and his deaf, dumb, and blind adventures? I can't say that I blame you, but just the same, grit your teeth and bear with me just this once, and I promise I'll never mention his name again. This was to be the opening of the season. Literally everyone was scrambling for tickets. Our cozy little household had been tentatively promised six of the coveted invites, but as the big event rolled around, we were informed that due to a horrendous oversight our seats had been granted to other more important, powerful, rich, or beautiful people. Owing to my past service for the Stigwood Organization (You - know - who's producer), I was to be granted one ticket. ONE ticket. One? You betcha — and I was lucky to get it. Everyone else in my house began bravely to pretend they didn't want to go anyway — that they would rather watch TV (not a bad decision in any country but England). But not me — I went out (in the rain) — in my best velvet suit to hail a taxi with my single ticket clutched firmly in my hand. About three blocks from the theatre, the taxi could move no further — the traffic was jammed, crowds pushed and shoved on all sides, the thrilling glow of searchlights illuminated the sky turning

my dear readers, there's no business like show business!

I pushed through the crowds, flashing my tickets at the guards, and made my way inside. I avoided the doorman — can you imagine, "Mr. Lee Black Childers." (Who?) Once inside the crowd was even thicker than outside since no one wanted to go to their seat — the whole reason you go to a premiere is to stand in the lobby, sip champagne, and BE SEEN. Much to everyone's surprise, the champagne was not free — it cost 30 pence a glass or one pound seventy pence a bottle (cheap). The bartenders were pushing the bottles as the giant economy size, so nearly everyone was walking around like winos with a bottle in their hand. When the lights flashed signalling the beginning of the movie and everyone started for their seats they learned to their horror that drinks were not allowed in the theatre — so there they all were, in true wino tradition, clutching their furs and diamonds, standing in the foyer, desperately gulping the rest of the champagne from upturned bottles.

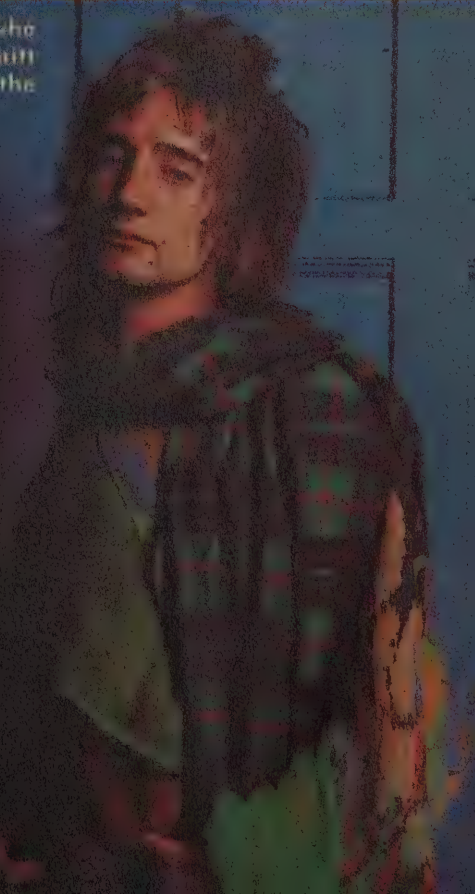
I'll spare you the torture of yet another opinion of the most criticized move since "The Great Gatsby." Just one kind word for Paul Nicholas who plays evil Cousin Kevin — terrific.

After the flick it was even more confusing trying to leave. Before the show the celebrities had arrived one by one, now they were all trying madly to leave as soon as possible and rush to the Inn On The Park for the post - premiere party. The street in front of the theatre looked like a limousine demolition derby as each driver tried desperately to get to his

What a pair! Country star
Dolly Parton and rock lady
Angela Borne meet at the
Country Music Dinner.



Beautiful Rod Stewart, who
with lovely girlfriend Britt
Ekland, was the life of the
"Tammy" party.

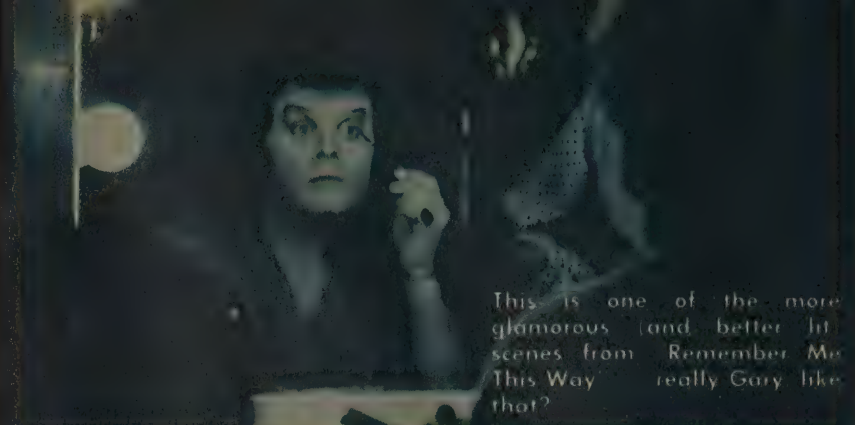




This is one of my favorite postcards from Madame Tussaud's — Marat just after he cashed in his chips.

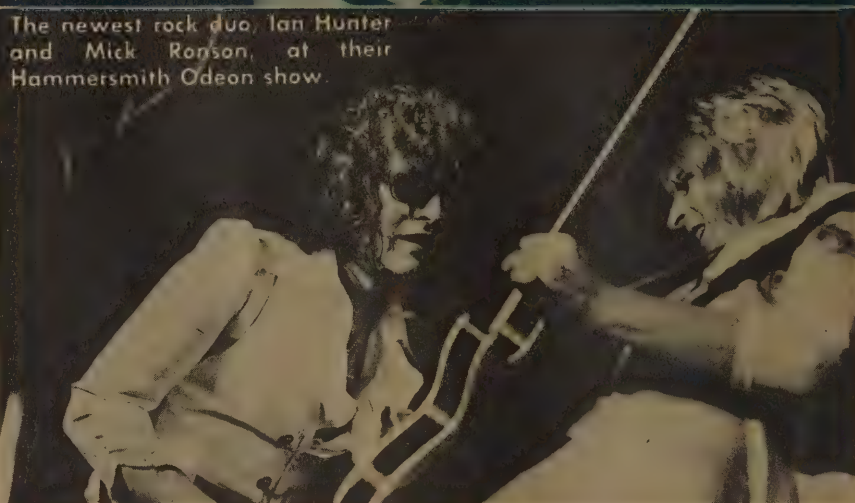
famous passenger first. I didn't have a driver and getting a taxi in the middle of that madness (and rain) would be impossible. So, like Rhoda going to her wedding, I fled down the nearest subway hole. The subway stop near the Inn On The Park is only a few stops from Leicester Square where the premiere was, so I was there in about five minutes. I came up out of the subway and easily caught a taxi the one block to the party site, thus making me not only the first person to arrive, but also the driest. After making my way through the various security checks one always has to face at this sort of thing, I entered the ballroom. My first sight was a long, long hallway with a dozen crystal chandeliers running its length and about five times that number of waiters in white tuxedos standing at attention holding giant trays covered with glasses of champagne — a lovely vision. Doorways on the left led to a large room with a bar running its entire length where people with stronger tastes could get their booze. Doorways on the right opened up to a huge dining room with long tables covered with hams, turkeys, chickens, and ducks all covered in icing (?) and decorated with little palm trees and things.

There were fish with their eyes staring up at you all covered in cream cheese and pheasants with their feathers not only intact but proudly spread for your admiration. Funny little shish - kebab things flamed dramatically and the cakes lined up fatteningly in long tempting rows. The whole display was dominated by a giant ice sculpture of an eagle landing on a rocky crag. "Wow!," I thought, "I've never been to a bar mitzvah before!" Which is true, but I'm sure this is what a really fancy, decadent one must be like. Decadent — now there's a handy word, as overused and abused as you-know-which little deaf, dumb, and blind tot, but definitely the operative word in this situation. The waiters, the champagne,



This is one of the more glamorous (and better lit) scenes from *Remember Me*. This way really Gary like that?

The newest rock duo, Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson, at their Hammersmith Odeon show.



Michael Putland

the chandeliers, the pheasants, and the ice eagle had obviously all been carefully chosen to impress and amaze the guests — but, ha-ha, not this crowd. You've never heard so many ho-hums, "Do you feel like eating, darling?" "Oh, I don't know (yawn), does anything look good?" "I don't really know, I'm thinking of giving up meat actually." Those pheasants could have done a tap dance and I don't think this bunch would have reacted.

Anyway, it was quite a spread, let me tell you — but by now you know Mr. Stigwood doesn't do things in a small way.

If you're a fan of British rock and roll — and I am — you would have been flipping out — and I was. Practically every English rock star you can think of was there. Ringo was there with his new girlfriend, lovely ex-MainMan employee Nancy Andrews. Rod was there with his new girlfriend, lovely ex-wife of Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland. Also Leo Sayer, all of Slade, Adam Faith, David Essex, Elton John, Ron Wood, Roy Wood, Eric Clapton, all of the Who, Arthur Brown, Twiggy, you name it. If someone had dropped a bomb on the place, the Hullabalos could make a come-back.

No one did drop a bomb — and maybe if someone had it might have stirred them up a bit. Except for Rod and Britt who necked passionately and shamelessly in front of everyone, you could have sworn you were back at Madame Tussaud's Wax Works. So I drank a LOT of champagne and stumbled home to a good night's sleep. Thank you Mr. Stigwood, Mr. Russell, Mr. Townshend, and a

special thanks to you - know - who - glad you got your sight back, cause if you hadn't. Ann-Margret might have stolen that movie from you.

Speaking of movies, we've been spending every Sunday seeing as many movies as we can — don't ask me why we picked Sundays. During the course of these little outings I have seen some of the worst movies it has ever been my misfortune to endure. I would like to warn you about two of them. The first one has been on release for some time, so I am probably too late to save you from it. Its name is "At Long Last Love." Mr. Bogdonovich, who I admire very much and did wonderful things in black & white in "Paper Moon" and "The Last Picture Show", decided that he would ignore the color film he had put in his cameras and do this show in black & white, too. So we get black & white sets, black & white cars, an endless stream of white dresses each more hideous than the one before draped artlessly over the chubby Miss Cybill Shepherd — I'm sure he would have painted the grass and trees either white or black or both if he could. Since he couldn't I blessed Mother Nature every time the camera moved outside for her tasteful and welcome color scheme of green grass and blue sky. In perfect concert with the dull costumes and sets are the clumsy, boring musical numbers and the total lack of plot. Ms. Shepherd plays a spoiled brat who wants to marry Burt Reynolds, a rich imbecile. Madeline Kahn wanders in and out of the show as a freckled lush in love with an Italian gambler and Mildred Natwick plays Helen Hayes. The only thing that could have

saved this movie would be if about half way through Una Merkel had rushed in wearing a flaming red nun's habit and machine gunned them all while singing "Makin' Whoopee."

I am in time to save you from the other monstrosity, thank goodness. It is called "Remember Me This Way" and the person you are supposed to remember is none other than Gary Glitter looking all the world like Sophie Tucker. This little epic which fortunately only runs a little over an hour is supposedly a documentary on the amazing career of that English teeny-bopper star, Mr. Glitter. The first three quarters of the film is devoted to footage of lots of over-weight publicists and managers discussing how much money they are making — not only boring, but also a little unwise I would think to let the unsuspecting fan see. The last bit of the film is Gary live at the Rainbow complete with screaming fans, a backdrop of some fifty pimply young "birds" waving their arms stiffly back and forth, and some motorcyclists driving rather aimlessly about the stage. There is no danger of them running down Mr. Glitter, unfortunately, since he is busy charging back and forth across the stage like a mad hippo. I am to be congratulated for figuring all this out since the lighting man was either dead or asleep thereby leaving old Gary literally in the dark through most of the concert. P.S. I really honestly love and adore Gary Glitter's music and play his albums often, but this movie had the worst sound I have ever inflicted on a singer since Al Jolson taught the movies to talk.

Just so you won't think that sloshing through the rain and cold to see films in various unheated theatres has made me hate all movies, I'll tell you about a good, even great one — "Nashville" directed by Robert Altman. This movie isn't released anywhere, I was lucky enough to see a screening of a rough print. It seems this movie was originally being made for one film company who half way through decided they hated and dropped it. Mr. Altman finished the filming with his own money and is now trying to find a distributor, so far unsuccessfully. It is a mystery to me how those other two pieces of shit can get distribution and "Nashville" which may be the greatest movie of the year can't get the support it needs. The film concerns the country music industry which is of course in Nashville. In series of episodes involving a huge cast Mr. Altman not only gives us an incredible inside look at what may be the most lucrative branch of the music business but also a good close look at America, Americans, government, love, life, and death. It is amazing. Karen Black is a country singing superstar in the Dolly Parton vein. Henry Gibson could be Tex Ritter. Lily Tomlin is a gospel singer so much like my mother it was spooky. Barbara Harris is the poor little groupie with runs in her hose and only half her marbles trying desperately to be a singer. Gwen Welles is every waitress with big tits who wishes she could sing. Timothy Brown has just got to be Charley Pride.

Here are Simon Turner and Daniella Parma, the future hosts of "One Night Stand." Cute, huh?



Geraldine Chaplin is hilarious as an English groupie who makes her way by saying she works for the BBC. I could go on and on — I grew up in the South listening to country music, and let me tell you, this is it. Like Warner Brothers movies of the Forties, it's the truest and the realest.

While we're on the subject of country music I can tell you about the Annual Country Music Festival held over Easter weekend here in good old London. Yep, country music is very popular in England. When we learned of the festival, we immediately asked RCA, one of the sponsors, for tickets. Actually, it was Angela who asked. They refused to believe that Angela Bowie really wanted to attend the country music festival, but after much convincing they decided to go along with the joke. In fact, Angel and David both really like country music — after several tours through Tennessee they had the chance to get to know it and have since become great fans.

The first event of the weekend was the very formal, very posh dinner held on Friday evening at the Cumberland Hotel to welcome all the country and western stars to England. I went with Angela and Hit Parader's own Lisa Robinson who is in town on business. Needless to say, both these dynamic ladies dressed to the teeth, but they were up against stiff competition that night. Every wig, wiglet, fall, and false eyelash in Nashville had gotten on that plane and come to London. Honey, nobody but nobody can outdo a Southern belle when she decides to shine. London was in for a show. The dining room was set with large round tables each

seating about a dozen people. As Angela swept to her seat trailing YARDS of blood red silk she found she was seated facing a beautiful young lady featuring YARDS of platinum blond curls — Miss Dolly Parton. Both ladies are used to being the center of attention, so they eyed each other suspiciously as we all settled into the first course. As the first wine, a rather sweet, yellow concoction, was poured, the toastmaster announced: "All rise for the first toast." We did. "To the Queen," he intoned. We dutifully responded, "To the Queen," and tried to sip at our drinks. At this point, a very silent one, Angela announced, "To the Queen, I hope she's drinking better wine than we are." Dolly Parton, as well as everyone else within earshot, cracked up. For the rest of the interminable dinner Angela and Dolly laughed and cracked jokes like old school chums, and later posed for pictures together. After dinner many of the stars performed, but Dolly was too beat from the flight and begged off. We did get to hear Molly Bee, Melba Montgomery, George Jones, Marty Robbins, and George Montgomery IV, though.

Sincer this is a rock and roll magazine, not the Country Music Digest, I guess I should chat a bit about what sort of rock is proliferating here in the fog and snow. First of all, teeny-bop groups are doing very well I am glad to say since they tend to feature short dancey tunes devoid of both guitar and drum solos (the bane of my existence). Very few of these groups ever do anything that catches on in the States which is sad since our music scene

(continued on page 62)

THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

By Lisa Robinson

IAN HUNTER

Ian Hunter has been something of an enigma this past year. Just as he was getting Mott the Hoople off the ground in the United States, (and I mean really off the ground; they had been stars in England for some time)- he announced that Mick Ronson would join as lead guitarist, replacing the errr, flashy Aerial Bender. You all knew who Mick Ronson was, he was Bowie's sidekick from the early days of those Spiders from Mars; guitar virtuoso, producer and arranger of some renown. So, A press conference was called, Ian dramatically announced Ronno's joining, and then within a few short weeks (and after a very, very brief European tour with Ronson as part of the "new" Mott the Hoople), one heard that Mott had broken up and Ian was in the throes of a nervous breakdown. What was up? Mr. Hunter wouldn't say, following a brief hospital stay, and a few more weeks of what they call "getting one's head together". It was learned that he and Ronson were recording an album together, and planned to tour in the spring. Still hesitant to discuss the entire situation, Hunter released his "solo" (duet?) lp, performed in Britain, and then when he was

good and ready - decided to shed some light on all of the mystery that has surrounded him these many months. We traveled all the way to London to talk to the man, he was at the end of the

successful British tour, pleased with the reactions that the album was getting, and looking forward to emigrating to America where he now resides with his wife Trudy, in upstate New York.

HP: How's it been working out onstage with Ronson and you?

Ian: It's been working out great... you can see the holes there, it's early days. You can see the holes if you want to look for them, but somehow it's the kind of band where it doesn't really matter. But it is early days, it's a baby, you know? We'll know in a year, because we've got to do an album of Mick's - so that the act will be like a whole catalogue. The tracks on "Play Don't Worry" don't bear any resemblance to what he'll be doing in the summer - we can't actually record together on one label, so we have to do him working with me on mine and me working with him on his.

HP: Why do you call it simply the Hunter/Ronson band?

Ian: Well we couldn't think of a name for it! We didn't really try, actually... the whole thing has been a bit haphazard, that's why it's been so nice that it's working. We were both in such planned situations before. In the band with us we have Geoff Appleby, he's one of the original Rats from Hull - Ronson's band - he's the bass player. He's just been playing pubs the past few years because he'd had a bad car accident. So we just pulled him out of a pub and put him onstage... he shit himself! The drummer's a guy named Dennis Elliot who was in a group called If; he's a jazz inclined drummer which is something I always wanted to do, because he really swings. Pete Arneson is on piano, but he's been in the hospital so Blue Weaver's been sitting in with us. After Christmas we went into a little four track studio to see if they could record as good as they rehearsed with us, and then we went into Air and the album took seven weeks. We sort of had to change everything in mid-flight. Because obviously I had been preparing myself earlier for another Mott album, and most of the stuff I'd done was Mott-ish material.

HP: How do you feel that this album differs from the stuff you did with Mott?

Ian: Mainly in the speeds, in the funkiness of it. It sort of swings, you know? Tracks like "Once Bitten" and "Who Do You Love" ... I love "Once Bitten" because that's where I want to go. We're releasing it as a single here in England mainly because we like it... I think "I Get So Excited" would have been the obvious single for England - but it's the one I like the least!

HP: How do you feel about "Shades Off" or "Boy" ... they're very revealing songs... more personal...

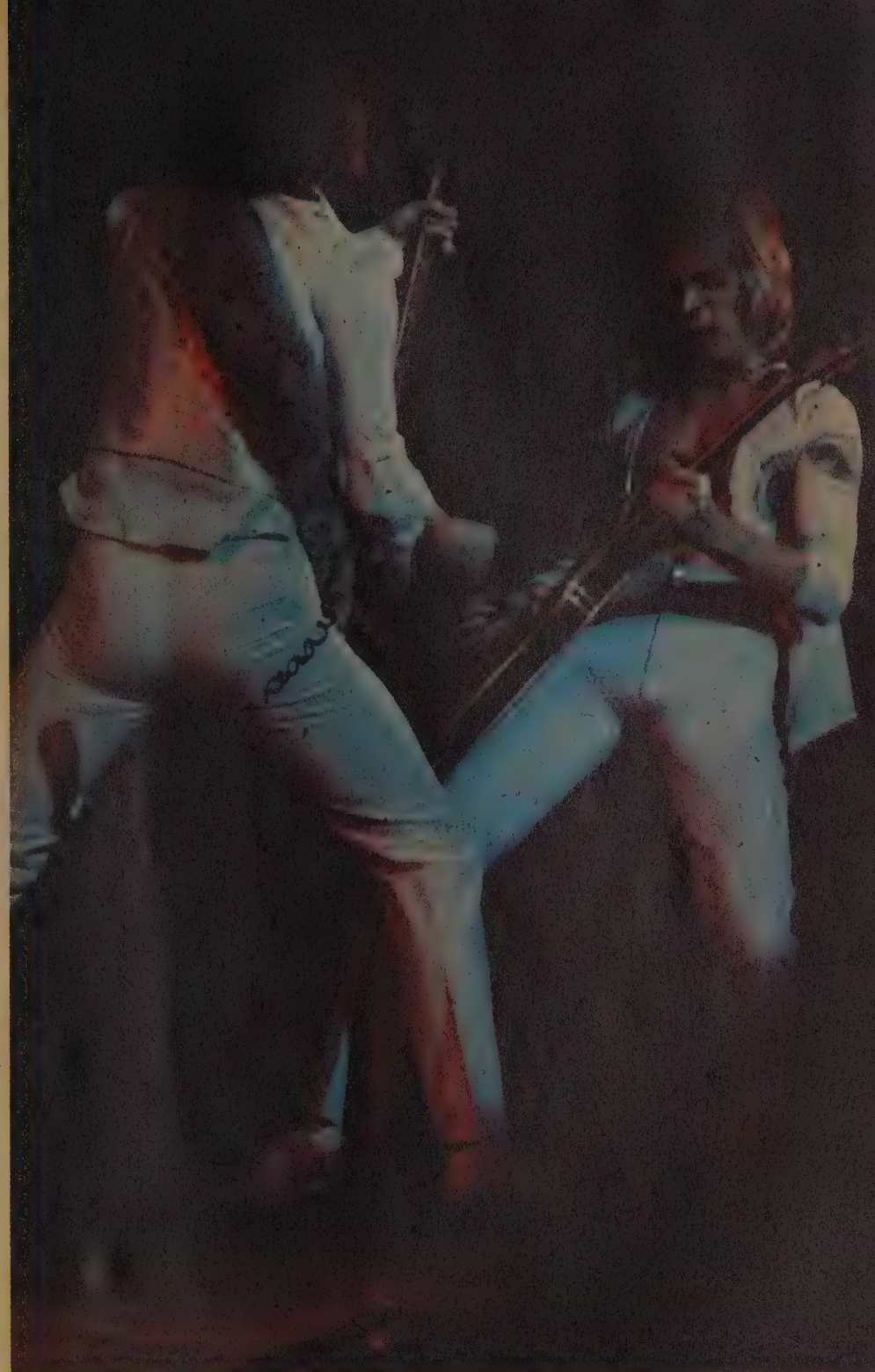
Ian: I've done a lot of personal stuff - nobody noticed! I've always wanted that to be in my songs, I've always admired songwriters - (At this point I tell Ian that I once heard "The Road to Birmingham" in a record store in L.A. while on the road with Bad Company and I asked Mick Ralphs which Dylan song it was; having never heard it on any of his albums. "That's Ian," Mick laughed at the time. Ian laughed this time as well.) Oh you should hear the first album... Lester Bangs wrote the most amazing thing about that album; he said he ran around

the block three times, thinking Dylan put an album out under somebody else's name. See, I had never sung before in my life, and I figured that I'd do like him... because he nearly talks, and I thought that's how you learn to sing. But I really like to do ballads, slow songs... the one album I did where I did lots of those sold so badly... nobody really wanted to know, they always want me to be this frantic rocker. I want to be writing songs when I'm forty five, fifty five, whatever, do you know what I mean? And I can't be doing "All The Way From Memphis" all my life. But this band really has its own little

magic, it's erratic magic...

HP: Do you feel in a way that you're starting again in any way?

Ian: Well, if you're asking me if we're going to sell our concerts out - I don't know, and I don't really care. But I do think I've put myself back about a year perhaps. I mean there might be some problems with promoters, or bands who don't want to support us because they don't think we're anything... but it's the kids that count, and the kids have never let me down in the States. And I think there will be a few surprises. But then again, maybe there won't be - and we'll have to tour a few times





before it happens....

HP: Well, when I saw you and Mick - still with Mott, in Paris, it didn't seem to work, somehow....

Ian: Well it didn't. We dropped a bullet ... and unfortunately we did it in the public glare. But it really got so boring, because so much got written about all that. When I came and talked about Mick Ronson joining Mott, I meant every word of it at the time - I really thought it would work out. I haven't talked too much about it because I'm still confused about what happened. I mean I can clarify it for you one way, but then tomorrow I might tell you a completely different story. So if you read something else in a different paper, don't blame me! But anyway - it seemed that we had done the Mott album, and we'd done the Hoople album and I'd done a single with the last word on it was "goodbye". And I thought - well, something's going wrong here ... it was really all over but nobody was saying anything.

HP: Well, were you just bored with Mott, did you feel you had taken it as far as you could go?

Ian: Well the whole thing - that whole Main Man thing, and the platform boots and all - it all seemed so out of date, very old fashioned to me. Mott was feeling old fashioned to me, I was feeling old fashioned to me. But nobody was saying 'c'mon, we've got to find something else to do, we've exhausted this, now we have to find another direction in which to move ... another area to progress, nobody knew. And I don't think anybody wanted to know, I think they all figured they'd leave it up to me. And I didn't want it left up to me - because I was tired, it had been left up to me for too long. I was completely knackered. When Mick joined, Mott was like a huge locomotive that I used to feel I was pulling along. And Mick started pulling it along with me, which I really respected him for, but many of the others resented him for it. 'Cause they'd been founder members, or they'd joined along the way. But what Mick was doing was saying 'well that's all over lads, we're onto something else, and those who don't want to get onto something else ...' well, it wasn't going to happen. And in a way, I sort of re-joined the band with him, and I just didn't like what I saw. Not just the others, me as well, I just didn't like what I saw. And once when I felt that I got totally absorbed with it, and it got to the stage where I couldn't work with them again. When I flew over to sign the papers for the house I had bought in the States I just flaked out there was no way I was going to go back, no way.

HP: Did you know that you still wanted to play, or perform...

Ian: No - I didn't know anything. I mean that's why we're doing such short tours now, to find out if I did want to perform again. I could do a hundred gigs in a row with this band .. But I didn't know that, and we're really upset now that we only did fourteen gigs in England and we should have done sixty.

HP: Have you ever gone through really emotional traumas before like this?

Ian: Well ... always! But — always, but never, if you know what I mean, not the real Big One. And they all sent me telegrams wishing that I was feeling well and all, but even then - no one said that it was going to change, and I knew it *had* to change. I gained something then, because I had always been so totally in control; I knew all the questions, I knew all the answers. This time I gained a bit of musicianship, where for once in my life I didn't know where I was - and I let me instinct take over, and my instinct said 'you ain't going to work with them no more'. But I just sat there ... and in the end I went dumb, I didn't say nothing. Which is strange for me. And Fred (*Heller, Ian's manager*) was trying to find out how far gone I was. And I was pretty far gone.

HP: But you did know, didn't you, that you were going to come back...

Ian: No, I didn't know nothing, it was a good feeling in a way ... Then they put me in this hospital ... I was just like ... gone. I couldn't say nothing, really - I mean there wasn't anything to say. There's nothing to say now, really, it's just one of those things that happened. Anyway, I came out, and Bobby Colomby was going on tour and he offered me his house while he was away. And then Mick came over, and we started working ... I wrote "Boy" at that house...

HP: Is it about you?, that song? Or Bowie ... people think it's about Bowie..

Ian: Yeah? Well, why should I let it go, then ... It's about two or three different people really ... a few people I'd admired ... me! ... It's really about a lot of people. It's a long lyric, and I obviously couldn't do just a long lyric on Dave. Anyway - I had already rung up Mott and told them I had to leave. And their English manager



Lee Black Childers

Mike Putland



mean maybe they don't mean that much to anybody else, but they meant a lot to me because I was an idiot on the street when I joined them. And there were times in the beginning when they really stood behind me ... But of course, I really felt that if they saw that I was going down the way I was rapidly, and they didn't take notice, then they were taking me for granted, and if they were taking me for granted, then bollocks. And Mick kept telling me that I had money in my pocket and I should blow the whole lot ... and so I did, I put all my money into making that album and buying that house, and now I have to work! I mean my future isn't assured, like it was with Mott. Mott was gonna do okay for three or four years, by which time I would have a lot of money in the bank. But every gig counts to me, I can't just sort of think 'I'll do that tour, I don't want to do it, but I'll do it' - because when I get to it, every gig is life and death to me, I go through a thousand dramas every gig. And I hated the thought of another Mott tour, I just would have walked off after the first gig. Ronno was really great, cause he kept saying well - it's all over, you know it's over, so go on - what are you going to do next? And I just said, 'I don't know....' And he said he'd do it with me, I shouldn't worry. The record

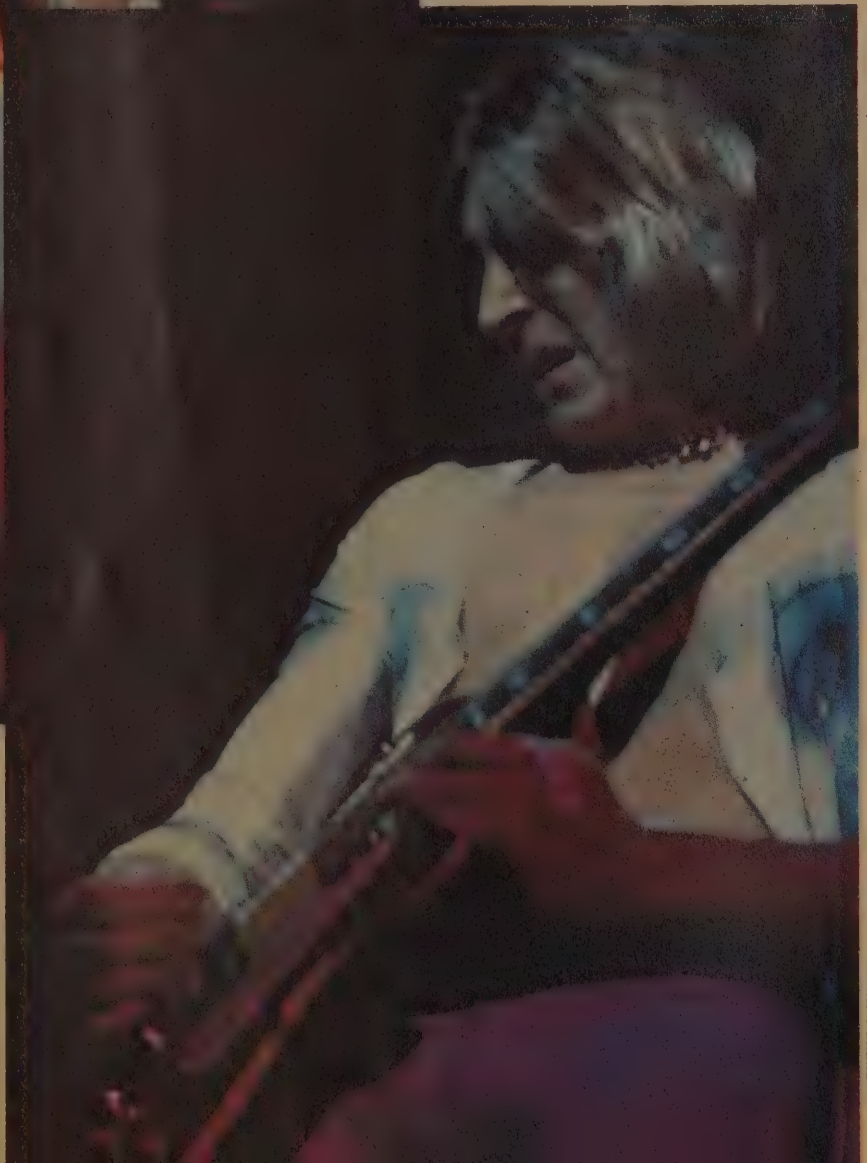
Mike Putland

(continued on page 64)

called me up mad, and told me I was a spineless bastard .. but I told him I had already told the group..

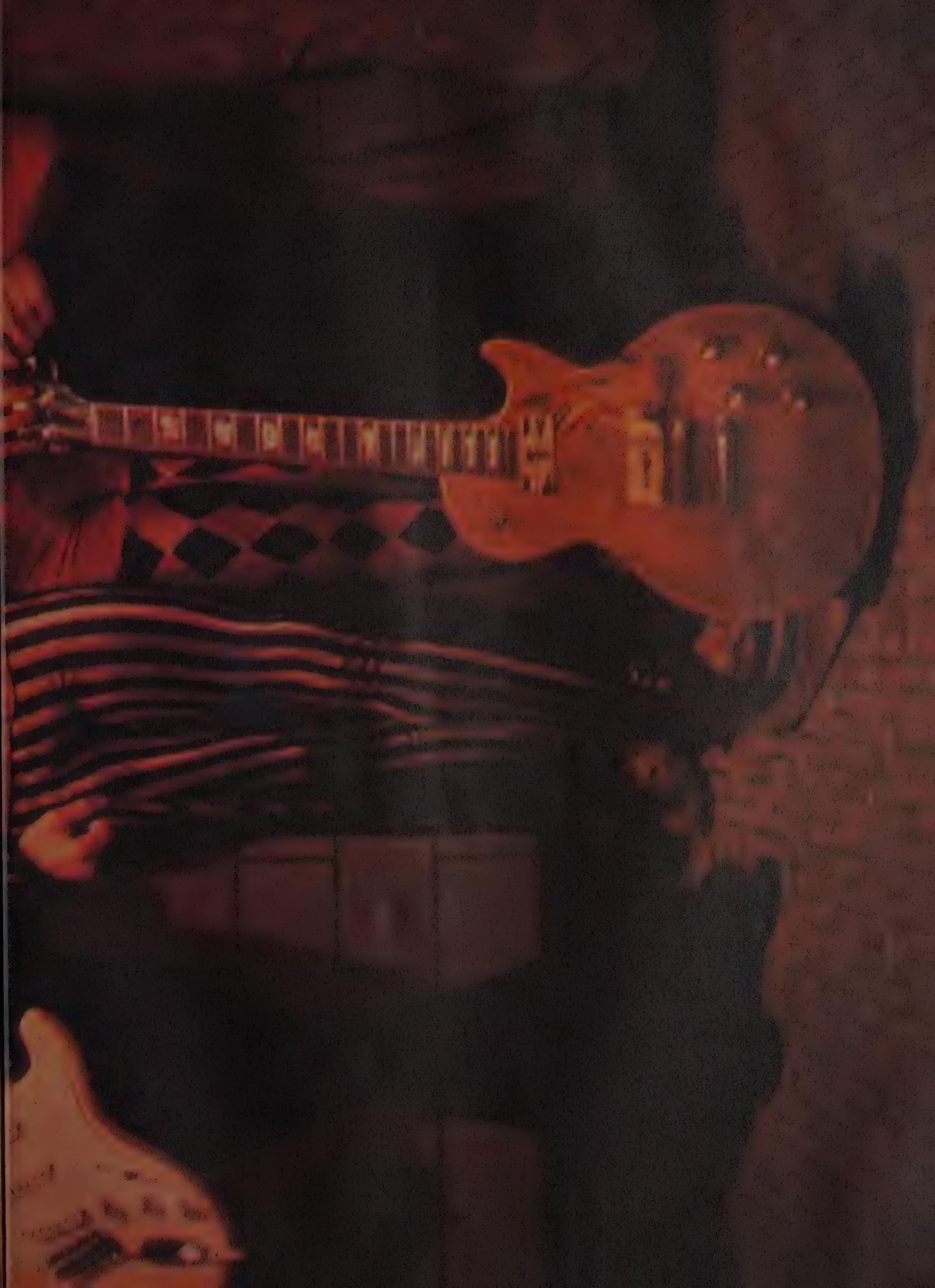
HP: Well how could they have possibly not known something was different?

Ian: This is what amazes me. I rang them up, and they didn't know. I tried to tell them in so many ways, and I think I myself didn't even know, that's probably why I went down the way I did. This is suddenly beginning to sound like one of those afternoon dramas! And when I was struck down was when I realized that I was never going to play with them again. I



Mike Putland









Trains And Buses And Planes And JOE WALSH

by Joseph Rose

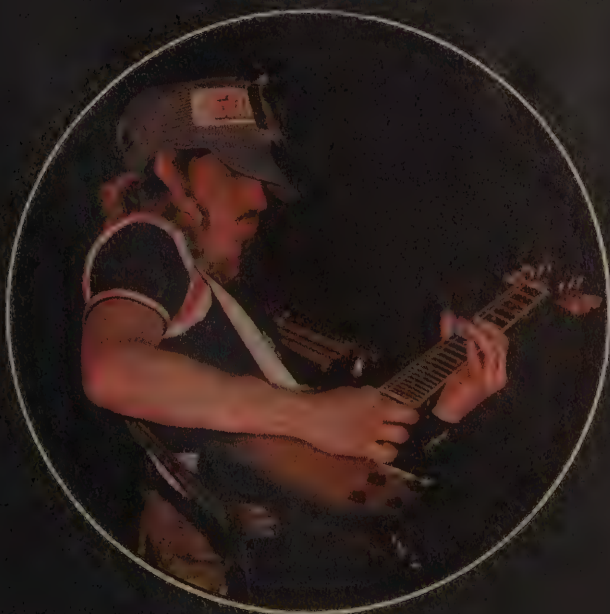
"I got this in Chattanooga," said Joe Walsh. "There's a Hyatt House in Chattanooga, the rooms are in old train cars. And they're just Pullmans with a divider in the middle, on tracks in the old Chattanooga station. You just get on your Pullman, and that's your room. I just love trains."

We were asking Joe about his railroad cap, which he was

still wearing in his hotel room after having it on all through the concert he had just finished doing. You're sure you're not wearing it because you're balding like David Layton-Thomas? we ventured

"Oh no," he said, lifting it finally and showing a thick thatch of natural hair beneath it.

Continued on p. 37

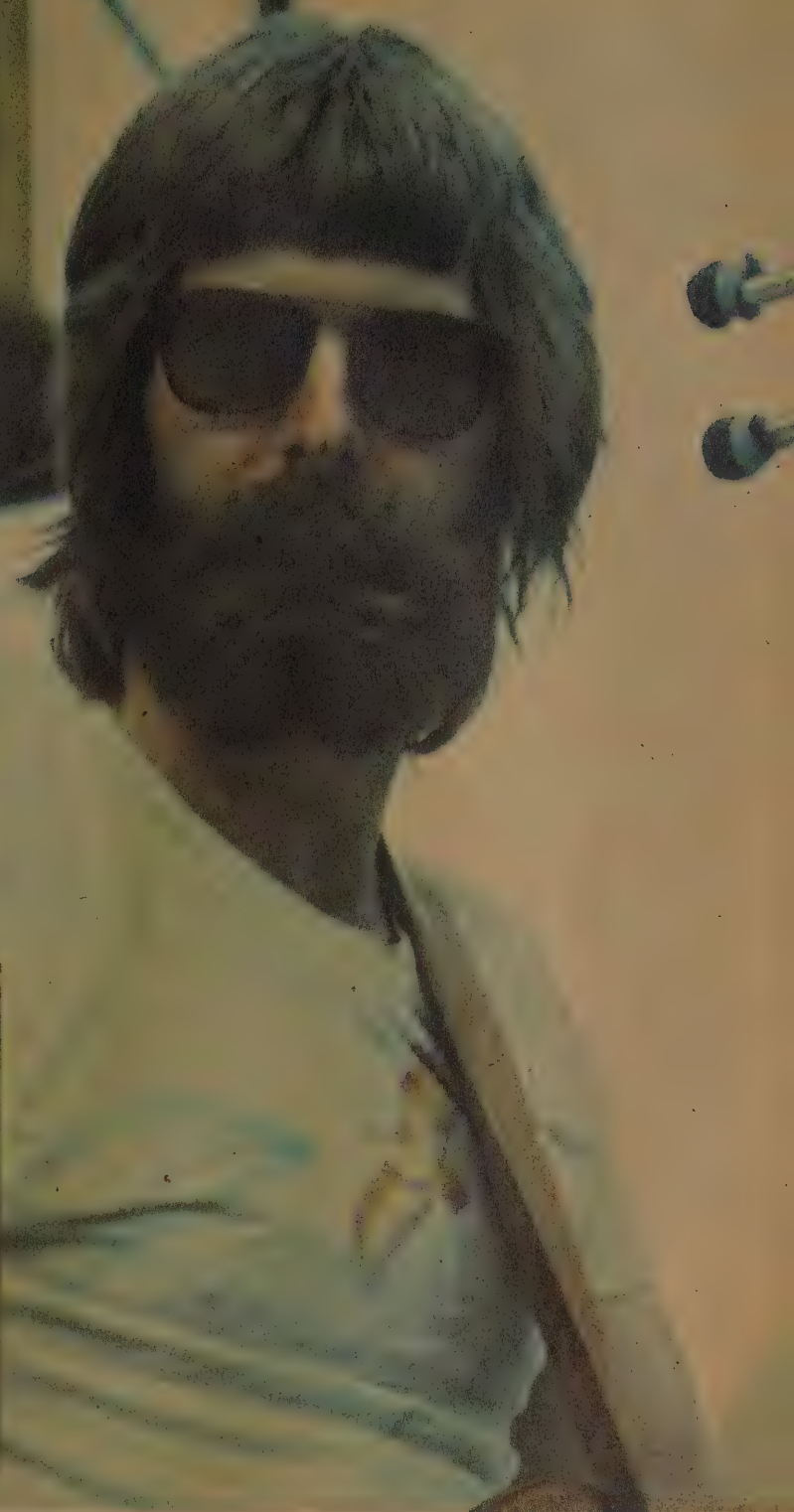
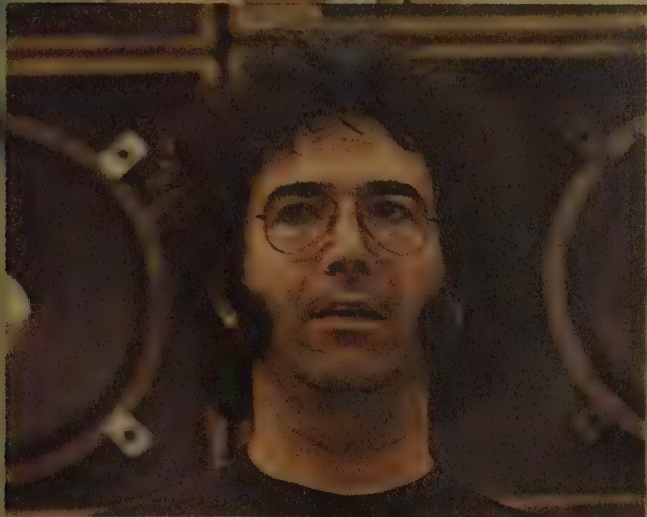
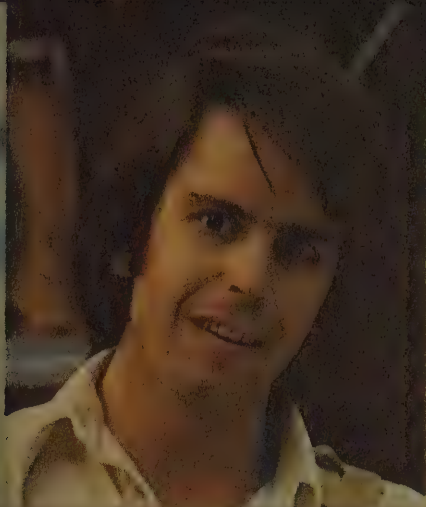




HOW TO LIVE

The Grateful Dead

by Scott Cohen



*"Spend a little time on the mountain
Spend a little time on the hill"*

It's hard to believe, but the Grateful Dead have come down off the mountain and the "summer of love" is over, temporarily anyway. But this is not an obituary necrophiliacs; the Dead are only taking a sort of sabbatical for a number of months, maybe a year.

Going down memory lane with the Grateful Dead will be familiar for many, obscure to others. You're either a Dead Head or you're not. There are no in-

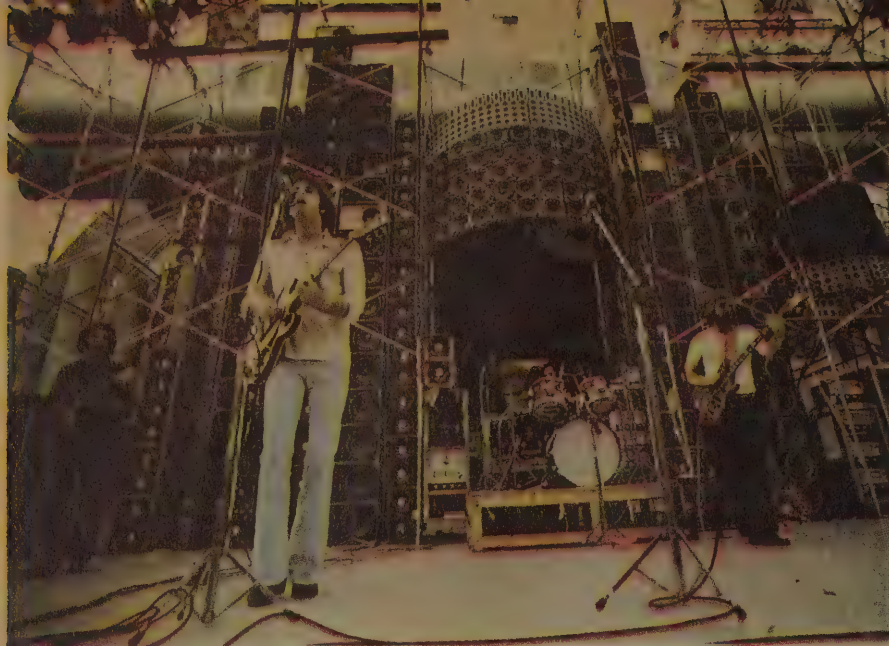
betweens. Practically every rock fan on the West Coast tends to be one. Since the Dead are a performing band, those who have never had the pleasure of hearing them live tend not to be.

"The Dead aren't for cranking out rock and roll ... they're for getting high," is Jerry Garcia's assessment of the band. They're one of the original San Francisco bands to put acid in rock and helped put San Francisco back on the map for the first time since the earthquake. Their records are excellent companions for LSD trips.

The Grateful Dead aren't a rock and roll band, they're a cultural institution. A family band in the strict sense of the word, they are the only San Francisco band to be intact today. The original members of nine years ago are still in the band (with the exception of Pigpen who died two years ago); the Dead have only added members. And unlike too many bands, the Dead never moved away from the area in which they rose to fame.

Their annual New Year's Eve concert has made them the Guy Lombardos of rock and roll.

Photos by Andrew Kent



Andrew Kent

They have given more free benefits (or almost) than the Salvation Army.

They should be sponsored by the Government as a public service.

The Grateful Dead grew out of Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions from Palo Alto, California. The members were Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir and Pigpen (Ron McKernan). The date was New Year's Eve, 1964.

Pigpen, the son of an early white rhythm and blues d.j., played harmonica and piano and rode with the Hell's Angels. He was working as a janitor in a music store where Garcia was teaching banjo. When the music store laid some equipment on them, the jug band went electric. The following year Bill Kreutzmann (Bill Sommers) joined on drums.

The original bass player (and owner of the store) was replaced by Phil Lesh in July, 1965, and the band changed its name to the Warlocks. Lesh, who had been a trumpeter, learned bass in two weeks just so he could join the band.

Six months later the Warlocks met Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters when LSD was still legal. The results was the famous Acid Test during the summer of '65. For a buck you could cop a hit of acid and dance to a band that was as completely stoned out of its mind as you were. The Tests ended in 1966 when they became outlawed. Kesey tripped down to Mexico and the Dead to Watts where they lived with Augustus Stanley Owsley III, famed "Acid King." Owsley built the Dead's first complex sound system and made the purest and most popular LSD before going off to jail.

By June, 1966, the Dead moved up north to the Haight - Ashbury to join the Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Country Joe and the Fish, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Steve Miller and the rest of the cultural revolution, giving free concerts in Speedway Meadows (Golden Gate Park). The Dead soon became the "people's band."

The Dead got their name after they dis-

covered another band called the Warlocks. The story goes that Jerry Garcia was at Phil Lesh's house one day when he picked up a dictionary and came upon the words GRATEFUL and DEAD. The name was chosen by FATE.

Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin became the first Dead managers. Then Rock and Danny and the Dead became involved with the Diggers, a small group of people who embarrassed churches into opening their kitchens to starving people (instead of providing profit - making dinners for Bingo players), started the Free School, the Free Clinic and the Free Store.

Meanwhile the Dead played the weekly dance at the Family Dog, the Carousel Ballroom and Golden Gate Park. They also helped organize and played the first Human Be-In, an enormous gathering of the tribes. And so Grateful Dead music became culturally important not only because it was free, but because it helped bring people together and conveyed the spirit of a better way to live.

The Dead signed with Warner Brothers in 1966 and their first album ("The Grateful Dead") was recorded in three nights and mixed in one day on three tracks. If their next three albums, "Aoxomoxoa," "Anthem Of The Sun" and "Live Dead" sound abstract and spaced-out, it is not because they were stoned on acid or you were stoned on acid. In those days they had to expand the limited material they had to sustain a concert or a record. (Now they have to cut material because of a surplus.)

The first Dead album to go gold was "Grateful Dead," followed by "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty." "Vintage Dead" and "Historic Dead" don't sound up to par because the tapes were given to a friend to select and release the best material, but who instead gave it to MGM whom discreetly shipped them out as regular Grateful Dead when the Dead were selling.

During the Dead's heyday, percussionist Mickey Hart was added (but left after it was discovered his father had put the band into over \$100,000

worth of debts) and Tom Constanten sat in for awhile on keyboard. In 1971 Keith Godchaux and his wife Donna joined, Keith becoming the permanent keyboard man and Donna backup vocalist. The following year Pigpen, never been known to be sober, died of cirrhosis of the liver.

More recently the Dead have built a recording studio on a piece of land in Marin County called Dead Patch. Garcia, who is never called Jerry, lives nearby with his wife Mountain Girl and their two children, Sunshine and Annabel. To give themselves more freedom, and to help keep the price of their records to a minimum, The Dead formed their own record company, Round Records (or Grateful Dead Records). On the Dead label the Dead's last two albums ("Wake Of The Flood" and "Grateful Dead from the Mars Hotel"), "Old And In The Way" a bluegrass band Garcia plays in, a Weir album, a Lesh album and a Godchaux album called "Keith and Donna."

The Dead have grown wise over the years, if not rich. The Dead have a large family to support, which includes Robert Hunter (The Dead's lyricist), Mouse and Kelly (the artists who have designed all The Dead record sleeves), lots of roadies, old ladies, kids, and friends. When The Dead go on the road, they literally form a caravan.

The Dead's last concert, billed as a five day wake at Winterland, was recorded and filmed for a soon - to - be Dead movie, "There's Nothing Like A Grateful Dead Show."

Although it was the last concert for the time being, The Dead are still as active as ever. Garcia is now playing banjo with Merle Saunders in a band called Legion of Mary and it wouldn't be surprising if he turned up with The New Riders of the Purple Sage, a band closely related to the Dead family. Bob Weir is working with a new band on a new album called "Kingfish. Phil Lesh is experimenting with "bio - feedback" (doing research with his bass and computers), and Kreutzmann is drumming with Commander Cody. (for fun).

On the Dead's calling card is printed a hexagram from the I Ching, or Book of Changes, "which represents Gathering Together, changing to Holding Together. The Grateful Dead promise to come back together in July, 1976 for the nation's bicentennial. □

HOW TO LIVE

*Don't look back
Live up to your looks
If your heart breaks, don't wait.
Travel in packs
avoid parks
If your heart's strong, hold on
Don't panic
ride the music
don't make plans
work
wonder
rest when you can*

(A Dead fan)

WHERE THE ROCK STARS ARE

by Wayne County



Just above this young lady's red head can be seen a part of the famous red lights of Max's Back Room.

Max's Kansas City has closed. So where have all the Max's regulars and visiting stars of stage, screen and Rock gone? Where are they hanging out now that our legendary underground landmark has closed its doors? Well, you may find Lou Reed at the Gilded Grape. Lots of fantasia Puerto Rican drag queens and trashy, lowlife call boys. Hustlers is a mucho betra word, I must say. La waiters all dress in Sailor suits showing mucho box. Mick Jagger was led there one drunken nite after being promised that the Go Go boy contest was an absolute gas! Who manager Kit Lambert, was seen there just the other nite, talking to the plastic plants and mumbling something about moving the Gilded Grape to London!!! I was once thrown out!!! They accused me of looking too much like a whore!!! Since the

Photos by Lee Black Childers

Grape is located in a section often referred to as Hooker Heaven, they thought I was some street walker, looking to hook a John!!! I must admit I was dressed a bit outrageous, even for the Gilded Grape! Black wig with a cheap plastic rose in it. Hot pants worn with black fish net hose with seems. They just weren't ready for your Mother!!! The Grape is the place to pick up on New York City's most fabuuous transvestites and transexuals. It simply must be seen to be believed!!! This place is for REAL!!!

Another popular bar located downtown in Greenwich Village is the 220 Club. This place is after hours and doesn't even open it's doors until four in la morn! It's been known to stay open until twelve in ze afternoon! Once again this place caters to the drag set. Real transexuals and tranvestites of every variety. I once

had the most delightful time watching this fantasia creature of ze nite, dressed in complete drag, right down to hormone tits and at least a dozen pairs of false eyelashes, beat every hustler in the place at pool!!! The tatoo on her arm of a sinking ship was just too much for such an elegant lady such as I to take!!! This place is WILD!!! Lee Childers, Angela Bowie and I have spent many a restless, horny, time sitting at the cheap tables sipping watered down drinks and gazing at the humpy studs and beautiful drags.

Ohyestra!!! Before I forget, I simply must tell you about what happened to me one nitetra at La Gilded Grape! Well this young guy of about seventeen or eighteen came up to me and asked me if I was Candy Darling! Well I was in all my radiant drag glory, but even at my best I could never match up to such a beautiful



Wayne County and a young thing (who went by the name of Connie) he discovered one night — where else, Max's Kansas City.

creature as Candy Darling!!! I was really taken aback and quite flattered I must say!!! Candy was simply brilliant in Andy Warhol's "Flesh", and a complete knockout in "Women In Revolt"! Candy is no longer with us in this life I am sorry to say, but she will go down in History as a true Goddess! Well to get back to the story, this young guy was a true beauty. Blonde and very innocent looking. I told him that no I was not Candy Darling, but take another guess. I asked him if he knew Candy and he said no that he had seen her pictures in several magazines. Then I learned that it was his first time in any sort of bar such as the Gilded Grape and that he had been on his way to see the Jimi Hendrix flick but got there too late so he stopped off at the Grape (not knowing what was inside!!!) for a drink!!! Well, needless to say, your Mother knew she had struck gold!!! I immediately invited him over to my place for tea and Sara Lee pound cake!!! He was thrilled to find out that I was a rock singer, and told me that he did remember seeing my picture in

Rolling Stone mag. Lee Childers was with me but was off in a corner discussing politics with a cute Marine. Eventually we got bored with the scene man, so like we split. Like it was time to cool out ya knowtra. So we fled out to our limo (We had just come from a Liza Minnelli concert.) and sped down to Max's for a few quick stiff drinks and to scan the place out at random. It was a good nite. Jeff Beck, La Dolls, Holly Woodlawn, Oliver Reed and Patti Smith to mention a few. Speaking of Jeff Beck, a friend of mine has some HOT pics of him laying on a bed showing his all! Honey, that stud has a set of balloons not to be believed!!! Now, where was I? Oh yes, anyway this guy that I met at the Gilded Grape came home with me and ended up having a wild clothes fetish. He had me try on every costume and piece of drag in my closet! I must have tried on three dozen wigs, a dozen pairs of panties and twenty bras!!! He was ever so turned on. I have to end la story there as it gets a bit raunchy. I'll just say that a very HEALTHY time was

had!!

Now let me see'tra. Where else! There's Le Jardin. This is an uptown disco that caters to a very mixed blend of stars, drag queens and every other gay blade or closet case to be found just about anywhere. It does have its good nites though. Like the nite that Bette Midler, Cher and I forget the other one, all showed up together. A lot of people thought they were drag queens!!! Bowie has been known to drop by with his host of hanger oners all dressed in their radiant black glory. Funky! Get down! Get on the good foot! The music there is terrible. All sound alike soul stuff. As the Soulafonics always say. "If you ain't got the funk. Stay away from the junk." Ain't that the truth!!! A junky I could never be!!! I'm much too free, and too busy being me.

There's still La 82 Club. Boy has the scene there changed! The music is a lot better though. Disc jockey Tony Mansfield (Nephew to the late Jane Mansfield.) is a soul freak for sure but he

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CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n— b— t— m— o— p— h— p—." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a— o— w— c— p— a— c— s— a— p—." ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n— i— m— m— a— b— c— w— t— p— p— o— r— g— h—." and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found \$15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed \$1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t— s— o— o— t— d— s— i— c— p— t— s—." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant. The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

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JOE WALSH

(continued from page 37)

Do you ever ride trains to gigs since you like them so much? we asked.

"No. I wish I could. I wish that they would get trains together that much. Because that would be a great tour, if you could just put your gear in a semi on a flat car and ride around to gigs."

David Bowie takes trains, we offered, but that's because he's scared to fly.

"I'm scared to fly, too. As a matter of fact we just crashed a little while ago. We were in a Twin Cessna taking off, and something went wrong and the pilot thought it was best to put it down. This was right when the runway ran out, and so we just went off into the wilderness and landed on a football field. So we're going to drive for a while."

Most people who are afraid of flying would never take a small plane, we said.

"But a small plane is safe. I'd rather go down in that, or have trouble in that, than

in a commercial. In a smaller plane, if both motors quit, it's not straight down. In a jet, it is. There's no glide ratio or angle. In a small plane, if the motors quit, you have a little while you can keep the nose up."

You sound as if you know quite a bit about planes. Are you a plane buff in addition to a train buff?

Joe took a deep breath and hesitated for a moment. "I don't like planes so much. My dad was killed in the Air Force in an F80 Shooting Star. He was



stationed in Okinawa as an instructor, and he taught kids to fly. He was teaching a guy to fly, and some guy hit him. He had to practice where they would wind out, come down at a lower altitude to strafe, and when they came down together, the kid just hit him and wiped him out. So I've always had a superstition about flying."

It seems more like a love-hate affair to us. You're wearing goggles on the cover of your "So What" album, and the last album had an old plane on the cover. And your old group was called Barnstorm.

"Yeah, I was about a year and a half old when my dad died, and I never really knew him. But I feel like I knew him. I do like to fly, too. It's just something in the blood."

"He flew pre-jet, prop planes, and right when he was at his peak, jets were discovered. The F80 Shooting Star was the first real jet, and he flew that, and then the F85 Sabre. And I just always kind of have been weird about flying. My whole family has since my dad caught it. And to have that go down just now — it was too close. So we're going to drive a bus for a while. 'I'd even been studying to get a private pilot license. I have some hours in, and I've been to ground school, but I don't dare tell my family that. And after seeing what an accident can be through no fault of the pilot, I just can't figure it out yet. And man, it was not the pilot's fault. The landing gear just went, and he did everything he could.'"

Joe and his mother were living in Wichita at the time of his father's death, but they moved away from the "flying town: Boeing, Cessna, Beachcraft" to Evanston, Illinois, where Joe's mother studied music at Northwestern University. "She has like three hours or five hours to go for a master's in music on piano. And she's the accompanist for the New Jersey Ballet. She remarried, and I have a stepfather who's a really good guy. Really went out of his way to make sure I was taken care of and knew that I had a father."

Joe's stepfather was also studying at Northwestern and went on to get a law degree and become a consultant on malpractice insurance for doctors, lawyers and other professionals. Quite an academic background for a rocker.

"Yeah. But I wasn't that academic, that brilliant of a mind. But they just kind of kicked me in the ass, and they still do. My mom is really into Maurice Ravel, and we did that on the 'James Gang Rides Again' album, Ravel's 'Bolero.' I just got that from having grown up with Ravel records."

"And on the 'So What' album, there's a song called 'Pavanne for a Dead Princess.' And that's Ravel as well. He's one of my favorites."

Joe left it at that, but we learned later that the cut may have a much deeper and sadder significance. Because just before recording the album Joe lost his daughter in a terrible car accident. A good-natured, easy-going musician, Joe Walsh goes rocking on despite the tragedy which seems to stalk him by land and air. □

Sal & the Holmes Gang play the Golden Oldies

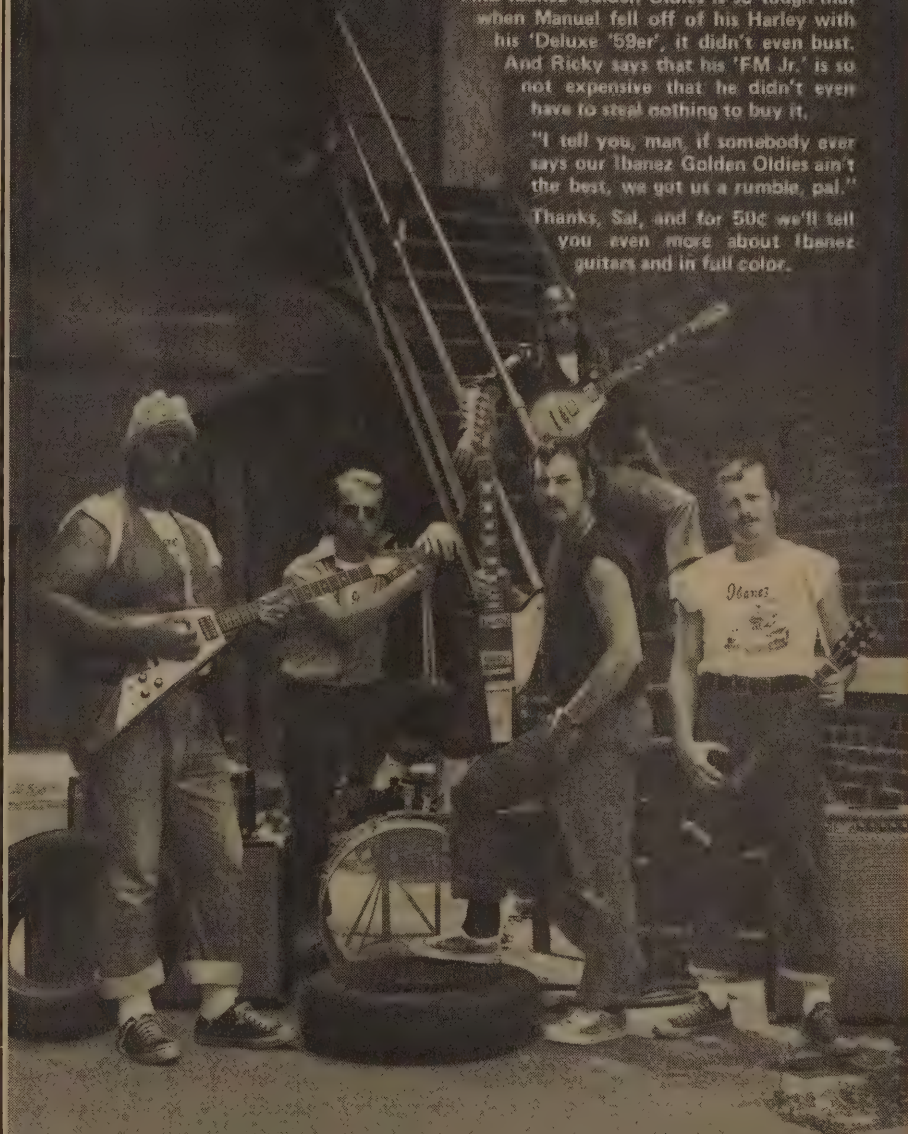
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"And Ibanez Golden Oldies is so tough that when Manuel fell off of his Harley with his 'Deluxe '59er', it didn't even bust. And Ricky says that his 'FM Jr.' is so not expensive that he didn't even have to steal nothing to buy it."

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HELP! GET ME OUT OF HERE!

(continued from page 29)

is beginning to look awfully geriatric and could use a little youth and vigor. I mean, really, when I was sixteen, the rock stars were sixteen. When I was twenty, the rock stars were twenty. When I was twenty-five, the rock stars were all twenty-five. And I won't go on, it could get not only ridiculous, but embarrassing. The point is American audiences are too *heavy* to put up with some kid playing guitar and singing "Born Too Late." Mark my words, a change is gonna come.

Anyway, there are lots of young groups going places in England and some of them are really awful, like "Hello." But some are really good, like "Kenny" who have a great hit called "Fancy Pants." (Number 4 this week) And some are just young and cute like "The Bay City Rollers" who have the Number 1 hit this week with their version of the old Four Seasons hit, "Bye Bye Baby." This version is totally uninspired and ordinary, like any high school band, but that's exactly why they're fabulous — they're high school age which makes them interesting compared to all the old codgers we've been saddled with for years. (Boy, I bet I get hate letters for this.)

Speaking of older established stars, however, I just went to see Lou Reed the other night and he was terrific! I've been a Lou Reed devotee for lo these many years, but I never saw him so good as the other night at the Hammersmith Odeon. He looked healthy, for a start, and he managed to remain interested in the concert nearly the whole time. His choice of music and performance was excellent — really tops. I was so excited, and I think he was too. He seemed to be enjoying himself. The audience was composed of mostly ardent Lou Reed worshippers, but it had a small noisy contingent of loud English toughs who shouted out abuse and obscenities enough to give Lou a little something to play off. He occasionally shouted back and sometimes pouted and sometimes grew ominously quiet as if he had a gun behind his back and was just on the point of either shooting his audience or himself. No one else could have carried it off so expertly — truly amazing.

The Hammersmith Odeon was also the scene of another landmark musical event even more recently — the Ian Hunter / Mick Ronson concert. As you read this they are probably on tour in my homeland and yours (and Ian's now that he's a tax exile), the U.S. of A. To my mind, they're a really great team. Mick likes very much being able to step back out of the spotlight and let Ian get the attention, and as we all know by now, Ian loves nothing so much as attention. This is not to say that Mick plays second fiddle (or guitar, if you will). He has several songs featuring both his voice and guitar wizardry. A very workable combination, all in all, and very exciting. Really Rock and Roll — loud, crazy, bright, and fast. You'd really better go see them and leave

your secondals at home for once — this is get up out of your seats and dance music.

Prediction Department: I found a band which should not only be a hit in the UK, but in the States, too. It's called Son of a Gun and it has a single out called "Maison de L'Amour" and it's great. Watch for them.

And now folks, it's time for an episode of "Life With Angela." the house where we live is in Chelsea, an old quaint section of Londontown. The Thames flows by and the house boats rock on the bank. Famous Kings Road runs through the middle like a spine with all its boutiques and practically no grocery stores. Our house, like all the other houses on our street, is slowly sliding into the Thames and will one day fall on the house boats leaving death and destruction in its wake (watch your papers). I'm not kidding. The house is on quite a slant already and it's tilting more and more every day. If you sit a glass on the table you have to watch it to make sure it doesn't slide right off in your lap.

Presiding over this leaning tower of Chelsea like a Boston Grande Dame is Mrs. Bowie. There is a certain regiment and order, too, make no mistake. Tea every day at 11:00 AM, 2:00 PM, and 4:00 PM (teatime). Actually, she loves tea and sneaks it in whenever she can along with bread with butter and marmite (a horrid brown stuff made of yeast that tastes rotten but is supposed to be very good for you). Life is usually peaceful revolving around a lot of TV watching which ends abruptly at 11:00 PM when all TV signs off. For someone like me from New York where the old movies go into the wee hours, this is supreme torture. I complained to Angela: "Don't they think anyone is up to watch TV after 11?" "That's not the point," she answered. "The point is you shouldn't be up." Aha. Fans show up at the door often, usually bearing flowers and good wishes, but occasionally with malice. One young lady recently hurled several milk bottles against the door. She didn't know how dangerous that was — *this* house could have fallen on her.

Occasionally, there are little family outings such as when we went to Richmond Park. Richmond Park belongs to the Queen (like Times Square — I'm not kidding), but she lets her subjects use it every day until sunset when they have to get out. No one knows what the Queen does in Richmond Park after sunset, but I guess that's her business. Anyway, we were hiking around in the woods until we heard the announcement that the sun was setting, so we were to make ourselves scarce. Angela and Zowie were unconcerned and hiked off into the forest. Simon and I returned to the car whereupon a very gruff magistrate told us we would be arrested if we didn't leave immediately. I looked at him with my most furrowed brow and explained that I was sorry but we were looking for our small child who was still lost in the woods. He freaked. "How old is he?" "Three," I said. Yikes! He begged us to go back to the woods and search for the

child, and if we were unsuccessful he'd get the helicopters and all on to it. Oh, he had visions of a very uncomfortable night tromping through the cold wet woods looking for the body of some poor child. We went back to the woods and presently returned with Angela and Zowie. The poor cop was so relieved, but he tried to act gruff and scolded Zowie who would have none of it. As if he were in on the deception, he turned up his nose and said he would do exactly as he pleased and if he wished to be lost in the woods all night that is exactly what he would do. Great kid.

Occasionally, Angela makes appearances such as when she was on the Russell Harty show (equivalent to Johnny Carson). While Angela chatted on the telly Simon, Zowie, and Daniella completely destroyed Russell's dressing room as they swung from the coat racks and had water fights — ah, children. You should have seen Russell's face when he returned. Angela also recently spoke at Eton, a very posh private boys' school outside London. The boys attend school there from age 13 to 17 and to get in your parents have to register you for school before you are born — pretty exclusive, huh. One of the boys we met there was named Rick Coleridge. I made the usual joke about was he any relation to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the great opium addict poet. Much to my surprise, he said yes. Anyway, Angela had a great time with the boys, they're just her audience.

The main project around the house just now is a new rock and roll TV show that Angela is putting together. It will be called "One Night Stand" and, hopefully, will be something completely different from the already existing shows — kind of a cross between the old "Shindig" shows and "Laugh-in". Simon Turner, the young English actor - popstar, and Daniella, an old friend of the family, will be the hosts. It should be a lot of fun, and with luck will be on American TV screens in the Fall.

I know you won't believe this, but here I go again. Mrs. Robinson just called to see where my eternally late story was and what do you know what with one thing and another I've decided to return with her to New York. Angela is in Los Angeles now with David, and things are kind of dull — so, I'm off. Goodbye rain and cold. Goodbye snow and wind. Goodbye Leaning Tower of Chelsea. I'm so excited — I'm coming home, Auntie Em, HOME!

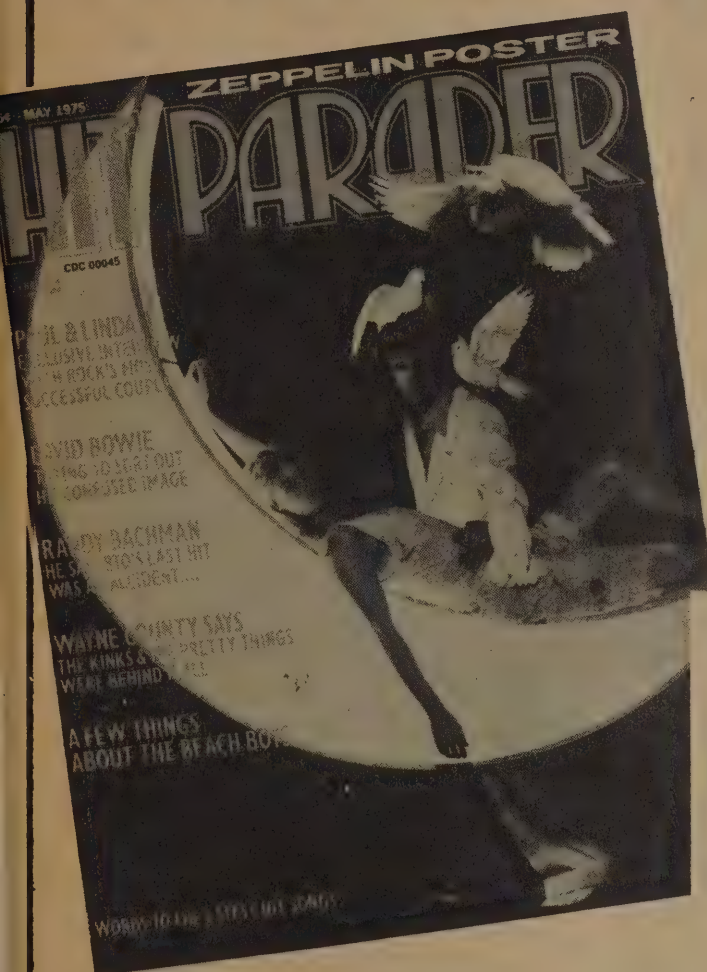
I'm writing this as I look out the window of my plane — what must be the dirtiest, crummiest jet in the TWA fleet. I really should write a letter and complain (Lisa just returned from the lavatory where she says she had to get down on her hands and knees like Joan Crawford and scrub it down before she could feel comfortable there). But I don't care, just so long as it gets me home. As I look out the window at London, I note with interest that the Thames is as damp as ever. Mrs. Parker would be pleased.

P.S. I'm home now in New York, and it's raining. □

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H.P. INTERVIEW

(continued from page 33)

company people and business people around me were wonderful. I'm sure they were all worried, but they really were great.

HP: To get back to the combination of you and Mick at present - do you both feel that you give the other what you need? His solo albums really weren't right...

Ian: Well, he feels the same way. See, Mick is a star, but he really becomes a star when he's with someone else. Like Leon Russell - who was a great star with Joe Cocker, but then on his own didn't really make it. And he needs somebody to bounce off ... cause the chicks are screaming for him every night, it's really amazing. I got put into that front man situation ... I really was a writer, and I wanted to write. And I don't know if I

really liked that frontman thing. This way we have two mikes right next to each other and we both sing, and it takes some of the pressures off of me, I like it this way. And this way we have a lot more chicks, Mott was always a guys band.

HP: How do you feel about moving to America? Why did you choose to?

Ian: Well - I don't know, the world is so small .. I don't feel that I'm *from* anywhere, really. I mean if you can't be seventy five years old and say that you've seen the world ... what good is it. You know we kept moving when I was a kid — my father was a policeman, and maybe they didn't like him very much! because we kept moving ... I had quite a nomadic life then, and so it follows through. Trudy's family is so amazing, there's not a town in the States you can go to where there isn't one of her relatives ... and what they do is when they come in from Austria they set them up and they look after each other. So it's like I'm coming in, and

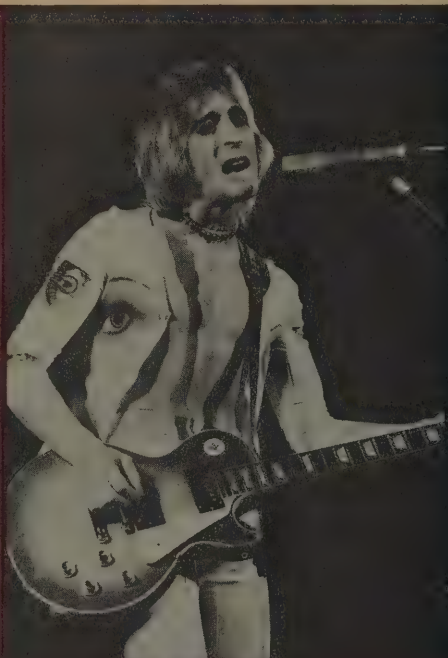
they're all fixing the house and stuff ... they're getting together there and having paint parties! Americans are amazing, they'll turn anything into a party. It's like a masochist's version of a pool party.

HP: In your book you wrote that her parents were a bit strained with you when you first met them...

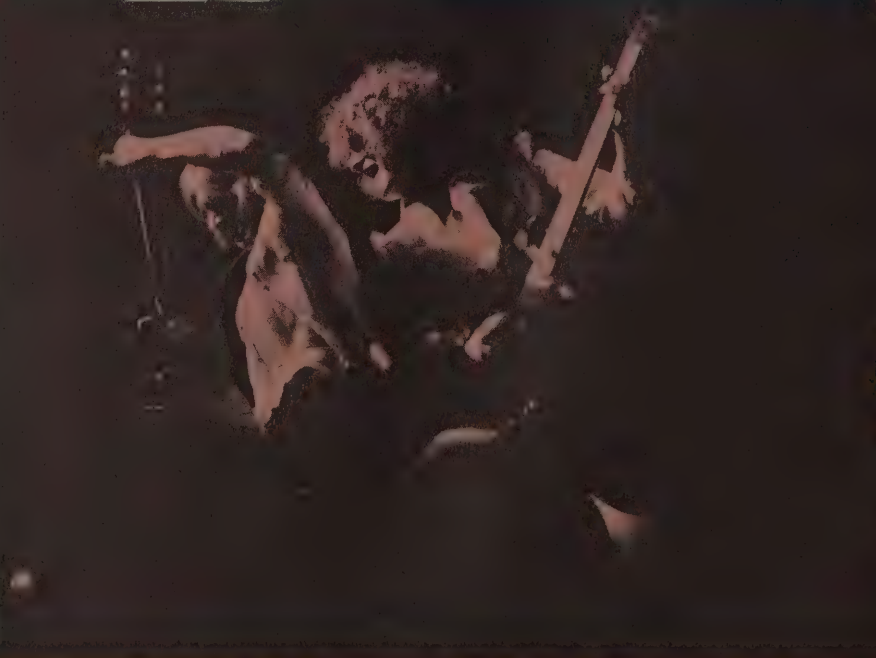
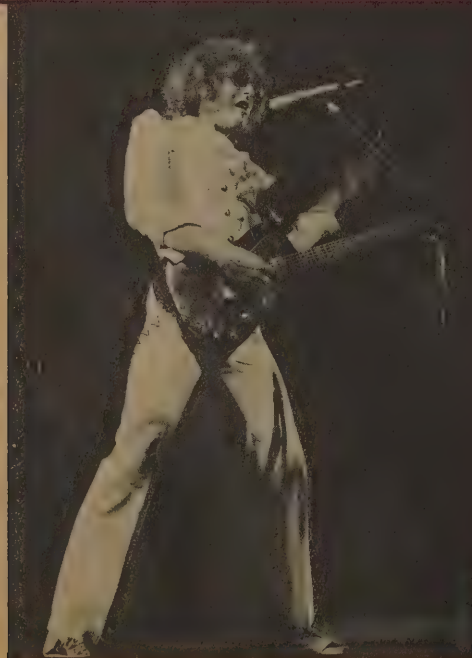
Ian: Well, I'm never one really to get too emotionally involved with people, I'm a bit cold, actually. Not on a chick level, or anything like that, but with my own parents ... you know, you are different than your dad, you live different lifestyles. And it's hard to tell them why you do things the way you do.

HP: Do you have kids?

Ian: Yeah ... but I'm a lousy father really ... they're great though .. even though I don't see them that much (*We're talking about his former marriage, Ed.*) The little girl bollocks me all the time, tells me what an idiot I look like, and stuff ... See I was a bricklayer's helper, and I was always get-



Mike Putland





ting into trouble and things, and then I decided I wanted to get involved with music. And I guess I got terribly selfish and just fell in love with the whole thing. So - my former wife knew all this, and she just didn't want to go along with it ... she didn't like the idea of it at all, and she was her own woman. But kids are amazing,

their muscles and their minds are like rubber - and they can adjust to any situation really easily. You know though, I've had a good life; up until now I think I've done everything sort of backwards but it's been good. And I hope it continues that way .. I don't know what's going to happen next. And I like it that way.

I want to do other things, I want to paint again .. I want to be in a film, but I'm not in any particular hurry. Right now there's a baby there, the Hunter / Ronson band, and it's got to be weaned ... So we'll give it a year, right now it looks really good. We'll change a few nappies and we'll get it right in the end. □

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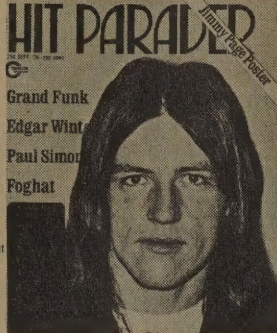
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AUG. 74

Greg Lake
Ian Hunter
Steve Miller
Focus
Ray Davies

"Another Park, Another Sunday"
"Dancing Machine"
"Don't You Worry 'Bout A Thing"
"If You Love Me, Let Me Know"
"Jet"
"Oh My My"



SEPT. 74

Grand Funk
Edgar Winter
Paul Simon
Foghat

David Bowie
Bachman/Turner Overdrive
Grand Funk Railroad
The Rolling Stones
Deep Purple

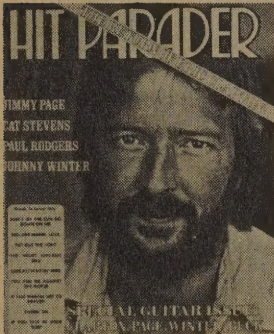
"The Air That I Breathe"
"Bnd On The Run"
"Help Me"
"My Girl Bill"
"Summer Breeze"
"Teenage Love Affair"



OCT. 74

Todd Rundgren
Carly Simon
Ringo Starr
Bill Wyman
Led Zeppelin

"Haven't Got Time For The Pain"
"On And On"
"Rikki Don't Lose That Number"
"Workin' At The Car Wash Blues"
"Annie's Song"
"Already Gone"



NOV. 74

Jimmy Page
Cat Stevens
Paul Rodgers
Johnny Winter

Jimmy Page
Paul Rodgers
Rick Wakeman
Cat Stevens
Johnny Winter

"Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me"
"Feel Like Makin' Love"
"The Night Chicago Died"
"Rock & Roll Heaven"
"Shin' On"
"Sure As I'm Sittin' Here"



DEC. 74

Eric Clapton
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
Pete Townshend
Maria Muldaur
David Bowie

"Clap For The Wolfman"
"Eyes Of Silver"
"You're Having My Baby"
"I Shot The Sheriff"
"It's Only Rock & Roll"
"Nothing From Nothing"



JAN. 75

The Eagles
Todd Rundgren
Jimmy Page
Eno
Souther - Hillman - Furay Band

"Can't Get Enough"
"Higher Plane"
"Jazzman"
"Sweet Home Alabama"
"Tin Man"
"Who Do You Think You Are"



FEB. 75

Elton John
Ron Wood
Rod Stewart
Paul Rodgers
Jimmy Page

"The Bitch Is Back"
"Play Something Sweet"
"Pretzel Logic"
"Whatever Gets You Thru The Night"
"When Will I See You Again"
"I Feel A Song In My Heart"



MAR. 75

Led Zeppelin
Pink Floyd
Mick Ronson
John Lennon
Mick Jagger

"Boogie On Reggae Woman"
"Longfellow Serenade"
"Must Of Got Lost"
"You Got The Love"
"Angie Baby"
"Do It (Til You're Satisfied)"



APR. 75

Keith Richard
George Harrison
The Raspberries
Johnny Winter
Raymond Douglas Davies

"Ain't Too Proud To Beg"
"The Best Of My Love"
"Dancin' Fool"
"Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds"
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"Cat's In The Cradle"

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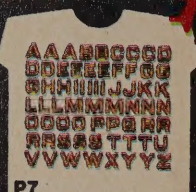
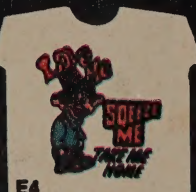
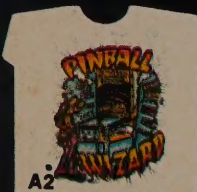
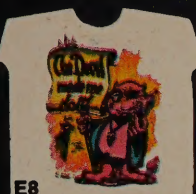
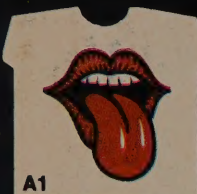
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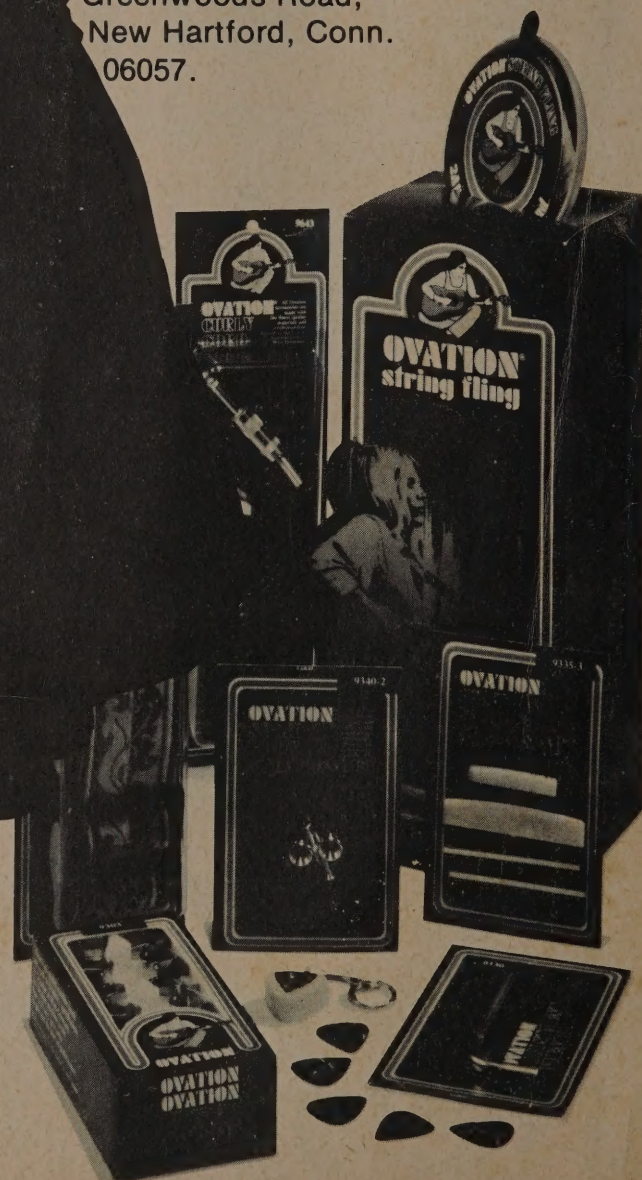
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